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A WOODEN INDIAN'S WIDOW.

Story of a Rash and Remarkable Marriage---An Actress Involved---In Quest of a Lost Fortune.

By MARO ROLFE.
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CHAPTER I.
A WIDOWED BRIDE.

There are men who are worse than wooden Indians in many respects. To become the widow of a wooden Indian is a comparatively easy achievement, and in the instance which gives excuse for this story such a bereavement was far from unprofitable. Still, there are wooden Indians and wooden Indians, and discrimination in their selection is one of the lessons which it is the aim to inculcate in this veracious narrative.

How Anabel Sheldon became a wooden Indian's widow will be told at the very outset. She tarried in a western country village. There are thousands just like it to all practical purposes, and it has been thought best simply to call it Shadeville, and say nothing further about its geographical location, because there are no more rich wooden Indians in Shadeville.

Anabel Sheldon was pretty. If you are a young woman she resembled you; if you are a young man she looked like your sweetheart. Now you can see her in the mirror or in your mind's eye. She had been an actress in so modest a way that not many people knew it. She had been stranded and all of Shadeville knew that. It was only six weeks prior to the beginning of this story that she had been left there by a fugitive manager without money and without friends. Five weeks she consumed in becoming engaged to seven young men, and one week in wondering how she was to get rid of them; for they all loved her madly, and none of them had inspired her with a grand passion.

When the situation became known to the seven fiances, most of them were good humored, all tolerant; and if Jim Stone could be kept sober, the raffle by which she proposed to settle her choice was looked forward to as a success. She issued many tickets, and at prices to accommodate rich and poor, and her suitors and their friends bought them all, thus insuring the financial success of the affair.

When the night of the raffle came, the fiances were frankly and sincerely friendly, and not even Jim Stone, who had somehow managed to get full of whisky, made the slightest objection when she plead for an even number and proposed to buy and present a few chances to the wooden Indian that did duty before a nearby cigar store. Some super-sensitive young men might have felt affronted at the implication afforded by an assortment, but none of these was thin-skinned enough for that, and the wooden Indian was cheerfully let into the game and no one complained at his own lessened chance for winning.

He Emptied his revolver into the bosom of the unflinching bridegroom.

The wooden Indian was a good representative of his class, tall and of proud pose, one hand on his tomahawk as a menace to bad boys, the other offering wooden cigars to the passer. He did not get dunk nor neglect his business, and was so much to be said of most of his seven competitors. He had never made love to Miss Sheldon and she thought he showed good taste in that way. His repute was good throughout the village. He won in the raffle and no one but Jim Stone was mad. Even he did not show anger at first, but he got angry by degrees.

He drank hard cider with Miss Sheldon and the rest in ratification of her choice; then sat down in a corner and evolved from his inner consciousness and his bad temper what he believed was a very brilliant scheme. Miss Sheldon had won "the silent sachem of the smoke store," as he called the cigar sign, and now she must prove her good faith toward the other seven by marrying him and there. The proposition pleased her.

"Anything to make you all happy and all that," she gurgled, "but who will perform the ceremony? And," she added, "who will pay the fee? You could scarcely expect the bride to assume that responsibility."

The seven defeated suitors looked at each other all around and then at the lady and the bridegroom elect, and, realizing the latter's financial weakness, mutually agreed to make up the sum required. There was a brand new justice of the peace present who had never married any couple and was easily induced to go through the ceremony with Miss Sheldon and her unresisting intended just as a matter of experience and to get the waiting fee.

Some one saw to it that the cigar sign responded properly to all interrogatories by a series of the most courtly bows, and Miss Sheldon carried her part bravely and without a blush. The justice faltered about pronouncing them one flesh, but at the end he announced that they were man and wife and the whole company appeared to accept the situation.

A dance followed, and the bride entertained her guests with recitations and specialities. The cigar sign alone seemed not to enjoy the affair at all; but as time wore on Jim Stone became more and more cranky and obstreperous. At length he approached the bride and said:

"You've played this farce through and got shut of the rest and I s'pose you're ready to keep your promise and marry me; how is it?"

She laughed at him, derisively.

"Well," he persisted, "do you consider me, or am I out?"

"Out!"

"See here!" and his face grew blacker, "whatever the other fellows may have been willing to put up with, I didn't allow to have any foolish game played on me without shooting any man full of lead that might win you. I'll use this cigar sign just as rough as I meant to use my lucky rival, whoever he might turn out to be."

He emptied his revolver in the unflinching bridegroom. Every one of the six balls struck the mark.

"Mrs. Dummy," he said "you're a widow." Then he departed.

That night the widowed bride disappeared from Shadeville. Her success had enabled her to escape to more congenial environments.

CHAPTER II.

At eight o'clock next morning, from a small way station many miles from Shadeville, the wooden Indian's widow wired thus to a certain Harrington Chillworthy, Chicago:

"Will be there by evening train. Meet me at Polk street depot."

Mr. Harrington Chillworthy was an actor, but he was just then out of an engagement, and out of money. But the message was prepaid and he could walk to the station—in fact, he had often walked much farther.

The two greeted each other like very warm friends. They hugged and kissed each other and then went through it all twice more.

"You dear old boy!" chattered the widow. "Does me good to see you, and all that. Hope I don't make you sad?"

"Not a bit of it, Anabel; but, by the way, are you still Anabel Sheldon, or have you taken a new stage name since we parted?"

"I am Mrs. Dummy," she answered. "Mrs. C. S. Dummy. I was married last night and am now on my wedding tour."

"Ye gods! Your wedding tour?" Mr. Harrington Chillworthy looked around apprehensively as if fearful Mr. Dummy might be right behind them. But he saw no threatening personage and was reassured.

"And where?" he went on, wonderingly, "where is he?—Mr. Dummy, did you say?"

"Yes, Mr. Dummy—that's the name. He isn't with me and all that. You see, he got about a pound of lead shot into his cheek last night, shortly after the wedding. He didn't accompany me, for he is not alive."

Mr. Harrington Chillworthy whistled.

"Why?" he exclaimed, at last. "And you didn't even stop for the funeral?"

"No, I was glad to get away as it was. Oh, my; 'twasn't that shot him. Don't be alarmed. It was just this way. I had the money to come to Chicago with. I could do him no good and I would never have any use for him. What was the good of prolonging the agony? Besides, I had promised to marry you. I am here and ready to keep my word and I have money enough to keep us both till we can go out with some company. I don't doubt you're broke."

Harrington Chillworthy whistled again—in him nothing was what making a speech is to some other men—and said, dubiously:

"Married, widowed and ready to marry again in twenty-four hours!

Great Scott! Aren't you a little swift?"

"Maybe—but don't you want me?"

"Yes—but I came near losing you, according to your story. What if Mr. Dummy —nice name that—hadn't got his chest full of bullets and things? Where would I have come in then?"

"You actually seem jealous," she answered, "what an unreasonable man you are. Now, listen—I have no husband and I have some money. I want to marry you, as we talked, and I don't care whether you've got any money or none—as there. Seven men wanted to marry me, and I didn't want any of them. I married a wooden Indian, and have a little more than two hundred and fifty dollars to show for it after paying my fare to Chicago, and not paying my board at Shadeville."

"Why didn't you bring along the wooden Indian?" asked Harrington Chilworthy, as "we might have turned him to account in some way."

"I think not," she said, dryly. Then, as they walked down Dearborn street she told him the whole story. After he had heard it, he said:

"You're all right, Anabel. I don't like to marry you if this way—out of work and out of cash. Hadn't we better wait awhile?"

"No, we'll be married tomorrow evening. Will twenty-five dollars do you up all right? If it is, I can make along, like a good boy and come for me tomorrow night at seven—you know where! I will be on the second floor front. You'd better get me if you've been in funds. We've had troubles together in the past and we'll fight it out together for the rest of the time."

Anabel went to her sister's on the West side and at once informed her that she had come home to get married and intended to be married tomorrow evening. Her sister showed how sad she was at having her offering no objections and the simple preparations for the wedding were soon in progress.

"Well, Anabel," she said, later, "I'm glad it's all settled. Anyway, for he's a good fellow and likes you immensely. His bad luck don't count for much, for he's sure to get the time in hot water somehow. I'm glad I married a policeman and quit the stage."

Anabel went to her room to dress, but Harrington Chilworthy came not. The preacher came at the appointed hour, invited guests were present, but the bridegroom tarried.

At seven-thirty Miss Sheldon began to feel anxious. She asked Policeman McGorrigle, her sister's husband, to telephone to Chilworthy's lodgings on Clark street. When the man returned from the drug store, he found Chilworthy's landlady had arrived at his home and after the latter had left she had invited her to the wedding and had presented her gift at once. Still the groom-to-have been there hours before the appointed time.

"Oh, he has been detained, but will soon be here," said Anabel, bravely, "or else he is very sick and I am certain he's not to blame."

When it was half-past eight she had become thoroughly alarmed. Forty-eight hours ago she had been footloose and fancy free and had left her sweetheart to marry another. Now, a wedding without a groom was the one she loved and wanted to marry.

At nine she retired to her room to weep herself to sleep in an agony of sadness and anxiety but the guests did not depart and the preacher remained, though his mission be needed yet.

Soon afterward there was a ring at the door. Policeman McGorrigle was wanted at the telephone.

The call was from the Desplaines street station.

"Do you know Harrington Chilworthy?" he was asked. "He says he is an actor and was to have married your sister-in-law tonight."

"Yes, what about him? He's missing?"

"He's here."

"Send him over here then. He's long past due. What's the matter—drunk or hurt?"

"Worse than that. They've arrested him. He looks bad for him. The proof seems conclusive. He wants to see you and so does the captain. Come right away."

CHAPTER III.

A CONVINCING CASE.

In half an hour Policeman McGorrigle was at the station and Miss Sheldon was with him.

The meeting between the lovers was pathetic.

"Harry!" she said—that was her short name for Harrington Chilworthy—"you are not a murderer?"

"No, Anabel," he answered, "it is all an awful error."

"I know you are innocent," she replied, "Now, tell me all."

It did not take him long to do that. A man had been found murdered and he had been arrested, on the way to be married, clad in the dead man's clothes and a document written which had been found in the coat he was wearing. The man's name was Truesdale.

"But how did you get the suit?" she asked.

"You gave me twenty-five dollars. I did not want to get into a scrape, but it was enough, for I owed some little amounts and did not want to be reminded of them on my marriage. I paid those bills and had only a few dollars left. I started to get a small parlor to get a new coat. On the way I met an elegantly dressed man, who, as I took my hat back would have to pay me where he could sell the clothes on his person.

"I looked at him in amazement.

"'Give me no pay for them,' he went on, 'but I do need a little money. Your clothes are not worn or so good as mine, and you are just my size.'

"I noticed that there was truth in that.

"'Give me a five dollar bill,' he said, 'and I will gladly exchange clothes with you.' It was a real bargain that he was offering me and I asked him no questions—what else was there to me my way to get to sell a new Prince Albert suit for a very low price? I had to economize and I wanted my five dollars—a simple matter of supply and demand."

Miss Sheldon nodded.

"Go on," she said, eagerly.

"We went into a store and into a private room upstairs. We ordered drinks, and in five minutes had exchanged suits and I had paid him the money agreed on. He took a stamped cut addressed envelope from his pocket. There was a letter in it, but it was not sealed. I put my five dollar bill in the letter and carefully sealed the envelope.

"'There,' he said, 'I now pay the last debt I owe to man. Nothing now remains for me but to pay the debt of nature.'

"I could not remove a shudder for I knew he meant to end his life.

"'Do not despair,' I said. 'While there is life there is always hope.'

"I know not what terrible trouble impelled him to his doom. He did not explain. He made no answer. He took two nickels from his pocket.

"'There,' he said, sadly, 'that is the end of it all. We will have two beers.'

"We had the beers. He excused himself for a moment politely, and left the little private room and I never saw him again alive.

"But about the charge of murder that the police bring against you?" asked Anabel. "What of that?"

"I will tell you all I know about that. This odd acquaintance of mine was found dead on the lake front early this morning. I made an early start for the wedding. On my way I passed a group of policemen and other persons, one of whom knew the dead man's clothes when he saw them on me. My arrest followed. Some one recognized my clothes on the dead man, and here I am, charged with the murder."

"But can't you prove an alibi? Can't you show where you were when the man was killed, or killed himself on the lake front?"

"No, for it is not known when he was killed, and for some time before his body was found I was sitting by the lakeside not far from here, saving until it would be time for me to keep my appointment with you. Now, dear, you see that I am not proven. You see how helpless I am."

"I do," Anabel said, "I do—so am I."

"This is about all. The situation has been described to you. The man was dead. An unmarked revolver lay near him, one chamber of which was empty. All the circumstances I have narrated tend to the conclusion me when I assert my innocence."

"The man evidently committed suicide, you think?"

"I am certain of that, but how can I make any one believe it?"

"The case looks bad," she said, thoughtfully. "I must help you, Harry, and I can do it best, perhaps, as your wife. Let us be married at once."

"Think of yourself, Anabel," he said, nervously. "Think not of me but of yourself. Why get yourself further into all this trouble than you now are?"

"Because, dear, we should firmly, 'your troubles is my trouble, and we must bear it together.' She turned and beckoned to

"My God, what can I do!"

Policeman McGorrigle. "Terence," she said, "we are going to be married right here and now. Send for some one to perform the ceremony."

"One objection, object," replied McGorrigle, thoughtfully. "The may fear that I have something to do with this case and want to marry Chilworthy so that, as his wife, you may not be compelled to testify against him."

But you and my sister can convince him that I have long been away from here and have not seen Harry today until I found him here in the car.

"I will try," said McGorrigle. He had a talk with Chilworthy, then they sent for Mrs. McGorrigle and two other persons who had been at McGorrigle's all day and knew that Anabel and Chilworthy had been together. Chilworthy had not been there at all.

The marriage was not prevented, though the captain made some objections, and the widow of the wooden Indian at Shadeville became Mrs. Harrington Chilworthy.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Anabel threw her arms round her husband's neck and kissed him sweetly, and then, arranging her veil, she did to slip some bills in his hand, whispering in his ear:

"There's fifty dollars. The case against you is a bad one. You're better away from here than here. You get your trunk at home and fabit away and so on—you know how to do it. I can do it. Watch your opportunity and get out of this place, if you can."

Anabel was not a great actress, but she did some work now that was as clean cut and exciting that it would have done credit to a Bernhardt. It was diverting, too, for while it was in progress no one had eyes for aught but for her.

"My husband!" she cried when she opened her eyes. "Where is he? Where is he? He was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INNING OF THE WOODEN INDIAN.

The police could not find Harrington Chilworthy. Anabel was watched and she knew it. The fact that her brother-in-law was a policeman and an honest man made her fear to confide in either him or her sister.

She found means to communicate with her husband, who was secreted at the house of a friend on the South side. She drove times out him. Donning short dresses, attending her hair to fall in long braids down her back and wearing a Tam O'Shanter cap and other insignia of girlhood, she appeared quite unlike herself and not a day over sixteen. She found that people who had known her did not recognize her in this character, and soon felt altogether safe to go and come as she pleased. She could make the necessary transformation at any time in the dressing rooms of a theater where she found employment, and no suspicion could attach to her entering or leaving this place.

One night she met Chilworthy near the house where he had been staying. He had been ill for some days and was growing worse, and under the circumstances his condition worried them not a little. As they were about to part he was seized by vertigo and fell helpless and senseless.

She tried vainly to restore him to consciousness. She dared not call for help and she feared that, directly or indirectly, her conduct might direct him to the police.

"My God!" she murmured. "What shall I—what can I do?"

Then a happy one, and an uncouth young man bent over Chilworthy, tore open his collar and shook him gently. "He's breathing again and 'll soon be on his pins. There, now, I'll help him on."

As he had lifted Chilworthy to his feet, he turned about and faced Anabel and she did not recognize her as she recognized Jim Stone, the young village tough, who had been the object of her late wooden spouse full of lead.

She stood in the shadow so he might not see her plainly. At the risk of betraying herself she said:

"Thank you, and if you'll help him to get in the house I will walk along ahead and show you the way."

She gained warningly at Chilworthy as she passed him and then started off, her head toward the two men. At the door Chilworthy to rid himself of them, leaving Jim Stone ample time to get away before she returned to the car.

At the corner she found Stone awaiting her coming. He leered at her in drunken fashion and took her by the arm with assumed familiarity, just as when he had accosted her before, but one of her seven accepted lovers.

"I know you," he said. "You were a rip that at one time I thought I remember, but I gave for the first time remember. She was a good one, and I'm sorry for this fellow's jealous nature that led him to murder her."

"I'm awfully glad you happened along," she said, her head bent in apparent shyness looking coquettishly at him.

"Let's have your brother, eh? You used to laugh about waiting for a preacher, I don't forget."

"I'm listening to one of the numerous amusing fictions with which I regale my self-respecting Shadeville people."

"Oh, you're a dandy!"

"Now, Jim, I gave him a real tip-top time. I've been to see you and find you full I say you take the car to Clark street tonight. I came, too, but trying to pump him came upon you and saw I did. I love you just the same as I did. I want you and I'm going to have you. I'll help you get rid of your sisters and couldn't see you anywhere."

She understood why he had not recognized her. She had been playing an old woman under a different stage name; but what did he mean by "her money."

"Don't you know you're rich, or can be soon?" he asked. "Read that—the paper's five weeks old." The lawyers didn't know who you was till I told 'em, for I remembered your telling me about this same rich old uncle. They seemed surprised when I told 'em, but I said, I'd hunt you up and I've found you, and I reckon I'm the cutest man in the bunch."

She hastily examined Anabel, as she read. "Three hundred thousand dollars left by Jason Truesdale, who died at Jason Trouser, upon whom my only claim was that I was a child. I therefore myself in him once when he was ill. Can this be true, Jim?"

"True's gospel. You'd better tend to this matter right off."

And she did, but other surprises were waiting for her. She had been right in calling Jason Trounce eccentric. He had lived the closing years of his life and had died suddenly, in an old junk shop. He had made his will five years before but he had hidden it and had only recently been found. He had been ready to buy everything and his store was a veritable museum of the curious and curious things of everyday life in a big city. Everything he left to Anbel was in cash, but the cash was hidden. He added to the mystery he concealed a paper designating the hiding place of the cash. On the back of a cigar sign, a regular wooden Indian that long had been in front of the store. The sign and everything else he had was sold, right away after he died to pay his funeral expenses and the fee of the lawyer. To find the cash we must find that paper; to find that paper we must find the cigar sign—and there you are. If you can do this, Miss Sheldon, you are undoubtedly rich."

Again a wooden Indian! Anabel thought of the one that had been shot full of lead. Then she grew serious.

"Was there anything peculiar about this particular Indian?" she asked. "Could it be identified, if found?"

"Yes; the base of the feather ornamentation on the crown of its head was of metal and screwed on and off and the head was hollow. It had been fixed up so by Jason Trounce for his own purposes. I can't find any like it."

And so her hopes were dashed. She dared not dispatch Jim Stone when he told her where Harry was, even though he did not know who Harry was and hoped to keep it so; she had made him see him and told him that she had left him dead. "As we proceeded with her story, Jim's eyes grew larger and larger till they fairly bulged.

"By heaven!" he cried, "it's the wooden Indian you married that's got the best piece of luck in Truesdale's will. I'll go right to Shadeville and bring it back to you."

But he did not do it. The cigar dealer who had owned the figure had died two weeks before. Creditors had seized his belongings and the cigar sign had been, with other stuff, sold to a Chicago auction house and there sold to some one in the city.

But," declared Jim Stone, "I'll find it yet and you'll marry me."

Anabel was heartbroken. She had hoped with that money to save her husband. She could not get that now. Stone might easily learn of her marriage to Chilworthy and then he would know that it was her husband, not her brother, that he had helped to Chilworthy's hiding place. She knew Stone loved her and was jealous and easily revengeful. How could she now insure Harry's safety?

This fascinating and humorous story will be concluded in next week's issue. See our very liberal subscription offer on page thirteen.

The Professional Burglar.

The professional burglars belong to a special class, stereotyped and exclusive, forming a community of their own. These do not take a peculiar pride in their "profession," and a considerable amount of union exists between its members. If a burglar gets in trouble, his friends will pay for his defense, though they are always ready to leave him to other occasionally if circumstances require it. The receiver of stolen goods works hand in hand with these men, and without them the success of the robberies would be small. It is difficult to estimate how far the love of excitement and adventure instigates the burglar to crime, but there can be no important part, of this there can be no doubt. He knows every house in the block, he must inadders and lay wire traps for the watching of inmates, should they be out to give an alarm. He must be up to dodges of dressing rooms and tamper with domestics, or have accomplices who have their confidence in the criminal mind.

Gowns for Hard Wear.

Gowns intended for hard wear are effectively trimmed with rows of quarter inch braid, one black, one speckled. The braid is put on usually arranged in a simple geometrical design. Another way, more quickly arranged, is to have only two rows encircling the skirt, but in this way, more quickly arranged, is to have many rows encircling the skirt, but in this way the braid is put on in a more irregular variety, while the speckled measures quite half an inch. It is used in a braid which looks well on serge and such like fabrics in black and has on one side a sort of mohair fringe slightly curled.

Don'ts.

Don't talk too freely when you don't know what you are talking about.

Don't expect to maintain a wife on "taffy" because you won her with it.

Don't quarrel, but if you must quarrel, don't quarrel with your bread and butter.

Don't think all amateur photographers are pessimists because they take gloomy views of life.

Don't neglect to keep your shoes polished. You can always shine at one end, if you can't at the other.—Chicago News.

Two Storms.

BY ELLA MARTIN.

There's a storm on the land and the sea,
And a storm in one human heart;
And grim is the storm on the land and sea,
For the heavens seem torn apart.
While rage the elements fierce and wild,
And the lightnings flash and dart;
But silence on the surface doth reign
Above the storm in this heart.

And while the lightnings play on the land,
And the thunders crash and roll,
There are naught but smiles on the quivering lips
Of the human soul.

While the tempest reigns in the world,
And the people talk of the storm on the land,
While they shudder and tremblingly start
At its noise, but never guess the storm
That rages in the heart.

Tomorrow the sun will shine on the land,
And the sun will shine on the sea;
And fresher will seem the earth for the storm,
And calmer the ocean will be.
But the storm that rages in this soul,
With no tears to water its sod,
And no rain to refresh, can only disclose
Its power in ruin and blight,
And like a desert of burning sands,
Where no rain drops merciful fall,
'Twixt blighted be because of the storm
That has seared forever this heart.

ST. JOHN'S

BY ETTA J. WEBB.

"Let us rest here for a little," said Cameron Wraye.

They had entered the long, dim gallery, and as he spoke he leaned lightly upon the railing, gazing absently down into the depth of the nave.

It was late afternoon. The November sun was going down in a glory of golden light. The long, lancet windows were all full on the chancel window, bringing out all its rare design, and illuminating the divine faces with an almost unearthly brightness. Radiant shafts of mingled color, rose and gold and violet, streamed across the altar and faded away among the dark woodwork of the pews.

The silence of the place was intense, when suddenly music began to touch softly the keys of the great organ. Sweetly the notes rose and fell, threading the intricate masses of a dreamy, wandering prelude, until, hurrying through breathless crescendo passages, they burst into full diapason. The theme was Wagner's, and the bands of the hidden musicians were bringing out the idea of the great master with wonderful sympathy and power.

The calm of a great peace lay upon Cameron Wraye. It seemed to him that all that was worldly or selfish in his nature was being borne away on the tide of music. Here in this fair house of God he stood among the shadows, gazing straight ahead into the light and beauty that lay before him. It came to him that even so he was standing among the shades of a wasted life, and that now, for the first time in his thirty-seven years, he had emerged so far from them as to behold the possible sweetness of a future used aright.

Time passed. The organ was still, but he did not know it. He had drifted beyond the power of sight and sound, drifted away from himself and the things that had hitherto gone to make up his life. He stood alone, face to face with a new, dimly-formed desire, trembling, yet ecstatic, as one might stand in the presence of divinity.

"Cameron," said Gilbert Ross, "if you intend standing there all night staring over the railing, I must leave you. The organist has gone home and it is quite time that I, at least, should follow his example."

There are times in our lives when, without the cognizance of our wills, we are removed so far from earthly influences through the more silent medium, perhaps, than a magnetic word or look, that a sudden recall to our old state comes to us with a shock so violent as to cause actual pain.

It was thus with Cameron Wraye. In an instant the veil of divine inspiration fell from him and he stood forth in his old likeness, yet not without a trace of that mysterious ecstasy upon his face, like one who, having been given one swift glimpse of heaven, finds the gate closed suddenly and himself in the outer gloom.

"I am ready," he said, in an old, constrained voice.

He walked back to the place where his friend was sitting, then turned regretfully for one last look.

And even as he looked, a small door near the altar swung noiselessly on its hinges and a woman came forth and stood in plain view of both men. Her tall, slender figure was clad in blue, with a boa of some rich dark fur about the neck and a soft felt hat, gloves and a roll of music. Her face was lifted slightly toward the chancel window, and the yellow light that fell full upon her low, sweet brow and tender eyes. Only a moment she stood thus, apparently lost in thought, then advancing, she lifted a folding screen from the wall and, having passed out as noiselessly as she had entered.

Neither man spoke. Both were startled, but to Cameron Wraye the chill sense of despair was the sweet, over him was all the keener for the hope and exultation which had possessed him but a moment before. This, then, was his punishment. From the shadowy sky he might look upon her, standing in the light of peace and sanctity — the woman he had loved, and with her the best and noblest impulses of his being, with her the rest he had sought so many years in so many lands, and was destined never to find.

They were out in the street, walking rapidly homeward, when Gilbert Ross said:

"It was she, then, whom we heard discoursing Wagner—the rector's wife. I never knew before that any woman could play like that."

He spoke as if several moments had not elapsed since the apparition in the church. He dimly felt that there was more in the occurrence than had revealed itself to the eye.

"And who is the rector?" Cameron Wraye's voice had regained its steadiness.

"Ranih Hale, some far-off relation of the great Edward, I believe. A man of unusual ability and energy. He is devoting the best years of his life to the cause of humanity, and in his wife he has an enthusiastic coworker."

Two days later Cameron Wraye stood on the deck of an outgoing steamer, once more to become a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Over all the city lay the dreamy haze of the mellow November day. Here and there the sunlight caught at a spire and made known the situation of some stately house of worship. But more conspicuously than all others gleamed the dome of St. John's, and toward it was directed many a wistful glance.

But not merely as a well-known landmark was it of interest to Cameron Wraye. He remembered sadly the hours he had spent in the dim gallery and all that had come to him there. He remembered, too, more vividly than all else, what was sending him forth again into exile.

Once, years before, he had amused himself by over-polite attentions to an unsuspecting girl, and in return she had loved him as it is given few men to be loved. He had lightly considered the trusting heart, and when a richer face tempted him, had thrown it away with scarcely more than a passing regret. But the fairer face had mocked him in turn, and he started to find how changed he had become. That look set him thinking, and a few weeks later he stood in the gallery of St. John's watching the reflected colors of the chancel window as they drifted across the altar, and asking himself if life had not a deeper meaning than any he had hitherto deemed possible.

He knew now that he had looked for the last time on his dear home city and the face of the woman he had learned to love too late. Was he going back to the old, restless life of yearning and regret, or would he, putting the past and its influences far away, strive toward something better and purer—the realization of that dream which had its birth amid the solemn hush and beauty of St. John's?

IN TOUCH WITH THE MASSES.

Gladstone's Phenomenal Memory.

Mr. Gladstone, who was well known as a great admirer of Homer's works, had a phenomenal memory, and was able at any moment to recite the whole of his 1861 translation of the first book of the Iliad, consisting of 611 lines. A guest at Hawarden once asked him if he could do the same with the translation of his rival, Lord Derby. *For reply he* took the volume, which he had not looked at for many years, and handed it to his questioner, and commenced at the line, "Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O muse," and stayed not until he had rolled out, with sonorous voice and flashing eye, the whole of the first book, comprising 717 lines, and this, too, without a single mistake.

The Agent's Triumph.

"Do you carry any life insurance?" inquired the oily-tongued stranger.

"No, sir, I do not," replied the conservative business man shortly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "But of course you are interested in the subject."

"Not in the least," snapped the business man. "You merely waste your time talking to me. I do not believe in insurance of any kind, or, I think it is nothing more nor less than a gigantic swindle."

"I am glad to hear you say that," returned the other, "for I quite agree with you. Perhaps it would interest you to examine this work entitled, 'Insurance Frauds Exposed.'"

The Instinct of Self-Defense.

Every boy who owns rabbits knows that if a stranger goes into the shed where they are kept they give a resounding thud with their feet upon the floor. This is a warning signal. Wild rabbits strike the ground the same way just before they enter their burrows. An interesting point is that rabbits give this warning stamp with their hind feet, while sheep, deer and squirrels use the fore feet. This is because the action of striking was in former times a method of defense or attack, and in rabbits the hind legs are more powerful; in the other animals mentioned the fore legs.

"If I get sick, my dear, send me to the hospital."

"What! Among all those pretty nurses? I guess not!"

March

April, May

The months for renewing and healing in the physical world; for new life, new energy, new blood in men and women.

The months when our need of help from medicines is greater than at any other time of year; when Hood's Sarsaparilla will do us the most good because we are all especially susceptible to benefit from this medicine.

The months when Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken by the millions because they have found that it is the medicine which cures.

The months when you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla because it will purify, vitalize and

Enrich Your Blood

and put you in good condition to resist the debilitating effects of changeable, warmer weather. Get a bottle and begin to take it today.

Scrofula—"Three years ago our son, now 11, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for sixteen months. Three months' treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla has made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it." MRS. DAVID LAIRD, Ottawa, Kas.

Salt Rheum—"My mother was seriously afflicted with salt rheum and painful running sores. No medicine helped her until Hood's Sarsaparilla was used, which made her entirely well." ESSIE E. MAPLESTONE, 254 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Neuralgia—"I had dreadful neuralgia, miserable for months. Neighbors told me to use Hood's Sarsaparilla; I received no benefit." MRS. FRED TURNER, Barre, Vt.

Dyspepsia—"I know a positive relief for dyspepsia, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured me. My neuralgia also stopped." W. B. BALDWIN, 164 Oak street, Binghamton, N. Y.

Bad Blood—"When 55, a cancerous eruption appeared under my eye. Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood and the eruption disappeared." JOHN M. KEBH, 3318 Wood-st., Chicago, Ill.

Eczema—"My daughter suffered from birth with running eczema sores till she was 14. Physicians did no good, but Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured her and we are grateful." E. W. RICE, Rice Farm, Sudbury, Mass.

Dyspepsia—"For twelve years I was dyspeptic and broken in health, had terrible pains in my back and was unable to work. When I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I received my health. I always recommend it." J. B. MANOR, 362 8th-st., Oswego, N. Y.

Erysipelas—"For ten years my face would break and swell and burn with erysipelas. When I had used three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was entirely cured. It later on cured my wife." MRS. SARAH SIEGLER, 15 Cherry-st., Newport, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined--The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Hector de Fontenelle, twins, and sons of their mother's sixth master, the Marquis Beaumont, are on their twenty-first birthday receiving a visit from their father. Jean Pedro Casette arrives and summons them to visit their dying father. They leave a long distance into the Forest of Fountainbleau with Pedro, and come to an old castle. Its hidden seat of a band of robbers known as the Scarlet Masks. They find their father is chief of the robbers and is dying. He requests Gaspard to take up the work of his chief and avenge the wrongs his children suffer at the hands of Armande de Kercheval, whose son, a dissolute fellow, had made a rich country girl his wife by a son and daughter, afterward he ruined Helene Gaspard, by handing him a document with thrift in order to secure the ruin of young Helene. Gaspard, not the less, as a broken heart and Fontenelle joined the Scarlet Masks. They bring to find the chief. Gaspard becomes the chief of the Scarlet Masks. Fontenelle leaves the band. Pedro falls in love with Chief Gaspard's sister, who, growing old, has retired from the band. Pedro is also in love with the beautiful daughter Marguerite in with him. His son is a officer in the king's body guard, will soon visit his father and sister. Fontenelle, when a child, had persuaded Gaspard to kill Armande, to wound the father, his old enemy. Gaspard, on his fatal task, prepares to go so. Gaspard and the wife handle to go for Armande's house but Gaspard is shot dead by the young man. Helene of a branch of the Scarlet Masks and plans to avenge her father's death by killing Armande de Kercheval. Jean Pedro is my before Gaspard is shot. One de Kercheval, dies, and his estranged son, Monsieur Armande, has an heir to estate. The de Kercheval's have never seen the young man. Helene, who is now the Masks capture and implasion him in the castle, refused dresses in his clothes and goes with his carriage she goes to the St. Maur estate, and, after a ride on the road, Helene Kercheval as Monsieur St. Maur and makes her in the ladies of the house. Kercheval is anxious to marry her to the rich young Count de Kercheval, and Helene plans to have the Count come to the house on his twenty-first birthday. Helene, as St. Maur, pretends to love Marguerite. They become engaged. Helene married and before taking his bride to the bandit retreat. Marguerite is horrified to learn she has married the bandit chief. Helene restores the girl to her father in order that he may suffer shame. Helene then plans to crush Armande. She goes to him as a young man and Armande meets and falls in love with her, not knowing she is a man. He also meets Helene's sister, Helene proposes to Pauline and Armande. Before the ball Armande's daughter plots with Pauline to have Helene poisoned for purposes of revenge. She tells him he will not see her. The real Raoul de Kercheval is in love with poor Marguerite and offers himself to Armande's daughter as a foil for the bandit chief, not knowing that that poor girl he loves for woman he is to wed.

CHAPTER XVIII.---(Continued.)

A handsome, stylish carriage was standing in front of the house in the Champs Elysees in which resided Madam Beaumont and her niece. Armande de Kercheval and Helene came out of the house and Armande placed his betrothed in the carriage.

As he door drove off Armande felt for a touch upon his arm. He turned and found Jean standing at his side. The old man's face was pale and his eyes wore a startled look. He had caught a glimpse of Helene's beautiful brilliant face, under the drooping, blue-black feathers of her hat, and the sight had dazed, bewildered him.

"Monsieur Armande, who was the young lady who has just driven off?" he asked.

"Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont, my affianced wife," replied Armande de Kercheval with a smile. "But where on earth did you know about Jean? Were you ever in Paris? There is nothing wrong with my father's reputation, I assure you!" with sudden anxiety.

"No, Monsieur Armande, there is nothing further amiss at the chateau," replied Jean, "who was startled by the sight of a face that, 'I am getting old and my eyes play me tricks,' he was thinking. "Or, more likely, it is imagination. Your father has sent me, Monsieur Armande, to deliver to you this franc."

"Ah, how good my father is," exclaimed Armande de Kercheval. "To" him, Jean, that I have induced Mademoiselle Beaumont to marry me within two weeks. He will know how promptly I have acted upon his advice."

And Jean, looking wistfully into the handsome face, with its happy, radiant eyes, wondered to himself if the shadow of vengeance would pass by that son of the Count de Kercheval.

Behind the lace curtains in the drawing room stood Madam Beaumont, her face pale, her eyes startled, as she looked down upon the old Jean.

"It is Jean, the steward of the Count de Kercheval," she murmured. "How well I remember him after all these years. I wonder if he would recognize me. Mon Dieu! had he come a few moments sooner he would have seen Helene. How handsome is Armande de Kercheval, and so brave, so noble, so chi alrous! Oh! It is cruel! cruel!" and Madam Beaumont wrung her hands despairingly.

In the meanwhile Jean had handed over to Armande de Kercheval the 20,000 francs. His eyes lingered wistfully, affectionately, upon the young man's face. When he again looked upon that face hope and happiness would be dead from its cheeks. The shadow of vengeance lay heavy and dark upon the life of Armande de Kercheval.

"Good-by, Jean, when I come again to the chateau I shall bring my bride," said Armande de Kercheval, gaily.

He shook hands with the old man and the two parted.

Armande returned to his apartments and his valet handed him a card. He gave a slight start as he read the name, "Marquis St. Maur," and a peculiar remark: "Hotel Metropole."

"The gentleman told me to say to you, sir, that he was leaving Paris tomorrow and would be very glad if you could find it convenient to call upon him today," said the valet.

"I will do so at once," said Armande de Kercheval.

He started for the Hotel Metropole, and, upon sending up his card to the Marquis St. Maur, was at once conducted to the latter's apartments. The two young men regarded each other earnestly and with much interest, as a cool, but not cordial greeting took place between them. The face of the Marquis St. Maur was pale, and his dark eyes heavily shadowed.

"I am honored to have at length the pleasure of meeting you, my dear marquis," said Armande de Kercheval. "I trust that I may be able to induce you to reconsider your decision and remain some little time at least in Paris."

"The Marquis St. Maur shook his head with a smile.

"You are very kind," he replied, "but I cannot remain. I am leaving Paris suddenly and my trip will be a long one. I am going to America. I am possessed with that restlessness which spurred me on very sad heart and will without a purpose," he added, with a deep sigh.

"I understand," said Armande de Kercheval, and I sympathize with you deeply. I have just received from a visit to the Chateau de Kercheval, and the change in my sister has shocked and distressed me."

A quiver of pain passed over the face of the Marquis St. Maur.

"Your sister is dear to me," he murmured, "and in the face of that I am powerless."

"Yes, and the life of that scoundrel!" cried Armande de Kercheval, with flashing eyes. "Ah, if there were justice in the world, Pauline!"

"Alas! I fear there is none," said the Marquis St. Maur. "During all the time I have kept guard over the Scarlet Masks not a faintest clue to the secret of their retreat. When convinced there was no use in the search myself were blindfolded. Ah! could I have had the slightest suspicion of the villainy that was being done by Chief Armande I would every effort to tempt one of the bandits to betray his master. Gaspard had added another fifty thousand francs to the reward offered for the capture of the bandits. But the bandits appear to adore their young chief and I doubt if any amount would tempt one of them to betray him."

"Are there any women in the retreat?" asked Armande de Kercheval.

"One," replied the Marquis St. Maur. "A beautiful young girl, with hair like gold, with pale yellow hair, the whitest skin I ever saw in my life, and very red lips. She is the affianced bride of the bandit chief. I endeavored to find out something regarding her, but did not succeed. She is a dark, strong, magnificently-built Italian, called Helene, who was introduced to me in command to the chief."

"I had always understood that the chief of the Scarlet Masks was a middle-aged man," said Armande de Kercheval.

"The present chief cannot be more than twenty-one years of age and cannot have passed his possessed by the Marquis de St. Maur. "Though I should imagine, from the devotion of the bandits and his absolute control over them, he must have spent many years in their midst. He is exceedingly handsome, dark, dark, brilliant face, though rather effeminate in appearance, but doubtless you know all this?"

"No," replied Armande de Kercheval. "My father refuses to shrink from speaking of him, and the subject is naturally painful to Marguerite. But I did know that he was dark and handsome," he added, suddenly remembering Marguerite's agitation and the cause assigned when he described Helene. "Do you know," he added, eagerly, "that your description of the chief reminds me very forcibly of the young bandit I killed in my encounter with them? He was tall, slenderly and gracefully built, and his hair was black and curly. The portion of his chin, which the scarlet mask left uncovered, was as smooth as a woman's."

A startled look passed over the face of the Marquis St. Maur.

"You have accurately described the chief of the Scarlet Masks," he said. "Are you sure you killed this bandit?"

"Well, yes," replied Armande de Kercheval, with a grim smile. "Unless a man can live with a bullet in his heart. But say he were the chief and I had not killed him, what motive would there be then for this diabolical revenge? But, as I said to my father, the fellow must be a fiend incarnate to avenge his accomplice's death in such a manner upon an innocent girl. Why, they had ample opportunity to kill or take me prisoner, for I returned to Paris a few days after as I came. But I was in no way molested."

"It is certainly most strange," murmured the Marquis St. Maur, thoughtfully. "What did you think was the object of the attack upon yourself?" he added.

"Why, what object could there have been save that of robbery?" replied Armande de Kercheval. "There were three of them and had I been taken by surprise---how I have wished that only had been the case!---I would most certainly have been overpowered. But the young bandit whom I shot, through some reason, showed himself treasurously to the band. He was able to defend myself. My servant, poor fellow, who made a brave fight, was killed and another one of the band was wounded. The third, a large, Herculean-built fellow was, like myself, unharmed. From your description of him Jean Pedro, I am inclined to think it was he."

"I am under the impression all along that I was being held for ransom," said the Marquis St. Maur, "and my relief during the day I was taken prisoner that such was the case. I did not see how a motive for revenge could be returned that night with Marguerite."

He pondered so often as to what could have been his object in presenting my father with a bride," said Armande de Kercheval. "I would not have discovered had not my father entirely unexpectedly known to me."

"It is some motive, you may be sure," said the Marquis St. Maur.

"Alas! it is useless for us to bewilder ourselves with conjectures," said Armande de Kercheval, with a sigh. "Let us change the subject, I pray."

The young men parted about an hour later.

Armande de Kercheval had endeavored to induce the Marquis St. Maur to remain even a few days in Paris, but the latter, gently but firmly refused.

"I am powerless to lift the darkness from my darling's life," he murmured huskily, as he pressed Armande's hand. "Perhaps in heaven will be kind and we may meet again in happier hours and circumstances."

And Armande went away sad and thoughtful. He could not forget the face of the Marquis St. Maur.

That night he went with Helene to a ball given by the wife of the Russian ambassador.

Helene waf bewilderingly lovely in a gown of dark red velvet, her perfect shoulders and bosom flashing with rare old diamonds and emeralds in her midnight hair and on her breast.

Loving her, in madness, her beauty set Armande de Kercheval's pulses to throbbing and he felt as if he could not keep her in his arms and kissed her lips, her hair, her throat, her shoulders passionately.

"My queen, my beautiful love!" he whispered, "it is impossible that there is any supreme bliss of having you for my very own will soon be mine."

She smiled faintly, slipped her bare arms about his neck and laid her carnation cheek against his.

"Impossible!" she murmured; "and yet, in your love, Armande, I am to be all in your wife."

"Yes!" he repeated. "To me they seem an eternity."

With a low laugh she disengaged herself from his arms.

"Come, let us go," she said. "Here is my aunt." And Madam Beaumont, pale in her gown of lilac brocade, entered the room.

She shook hands with Armande and hastened to greet her. She was always nervous and ill at ease, depressed in his presence. He had often noticed and wondered at it. Later he understood.

They left before the house of the Russian ambassador. Helene was, as usual, the center of an admiring crowd and many glances were cast upon Armande de Kercheval, who had won the most beautiful and, presumably, the richest woman in Paris.

In the course of the evening Armande de Kercheval approached the Countess de Dupbane, who was looking very charming in a white satin gown covered with forget-me-nots, with sapphires in her pale gold hair, and sapphires and diamonds on her throat.

She greeted Armande with a smile and a look, half-tender, half-reproachful.

"I was beginning to think, Armande, that you were blind to all save the dark lovely eyes of Mademoiselle Beaumont," she said.

He smiled as he looked down upon her pink and white beauty, but he also flashed a little guiltily.

"I certainly am not blind to the fact that you are looking most charming this evening," he replied, gallantly.

She laughed.

"Don't," she said. "You are not clever at dissembling. So you are to be married very soon to Mademoiselle Beaumont!" she added.

"Yes," he replied, and she looked up into his radiant face half-mockingly, half-wistfully.

"There! go away," she said, with a petulant little shrug of her pearly shoulders. "Go back to your dark-browed charmer. I are too much beautiful myself to approve the least bit interesting to any other woman. Go!"

He laughed, bowed, and left her.

She watched his tall, fine figure as he crossed the room, while something like a look of pain crept into her eyes, into the face that had been so fair-complexioned.

"I wonder if you have ever guessed how much I have come to loving you, Armande," she murmured.

The next week that followed were stamped in letters of fire upon the very soul of Armande de Kercheval, and were so long as life lasted did their memory cease to torture and to madden.

The brave part of each day and evening was spent with Helene, and every art, every adornment that a woman can employ served to bear upon him, until his love was maddening, his passion a fierce flame. He lived but in her presence, separation even for a few hours was to him torture. And she was all the more alluring, maddening, because she was passionately responsive, and in her caresses was there ever a dash of scorching as his for her.

Then he would plunge in a dream of ecstasy to Armande de Kercheval, and the eve of the wedding day arrived. It was Helene's desire that they should be married very quietly in her own home in the presence of Madam Beaumont and a few friends Armande would bring with him.

That night there never seen her look lovelier than upon this night when she came down to receive her guests in the room, which was brilliantly lighted and scented with the rarest flowers that filled vases and bowls on tables and mantel.

Helene wore a gown of some soft, clinging white material, with a wondrous brilliancy in her dark eyes and the exquisite rose-bloom on her cheek owing to vivid scarlet on her lips.

Armande's heart leaped to his breast in an ecstasy of love, passion, delight. She rested her hand a moment on his arm and raised her lips to his kisses. After a few moments she lifted her head and drew herself gently away.

"I must send you away now," she said, "for I have many things to do."

He laughed, such a radiant, happy laugh. Her face above her heart and her breath came laboredly.

He laid his lips upon hers in a long, lingering, passionate kiss.

Her beautiful arms held him close, her fingers buried in the hair that rose waving to his. He thrilled from head to foot, for though he had always been responsive, she had never kissed him in that way before.

Suddenly her arms fell from about his neck, she drew back from him.

"Go, my love, my love, good-by," he murmured, with a faint smile. "Now, go."

"Good-by, my love, good-by," he

BLOOD CURE SENT FREE.

A Free Trial Treatment Sent Privately by Mail to All Who Suffer.

A Remarkable Remedy for a Terrible Affliction---The Cure Is Permanent.

A free trial treatment is being sent out by the State Medical Institute in order to demonstrate to sufferers the most positive that all diseases can be cured. There is a good deal of controversy over this subject among those who declare the disease incurable but the facts are indubitable and must be accepted. Blood poison is the one remedy is peculiar. The physician in charge of the Institute has had a long and varied experience treating this disease of the blood and claims that through a long series of experiments he found the exact specific that effects the poison, renders it lifeless and eliminates it from the body. Having personally examined many hundreds of cases and familiarized himself with every detail of the disease, his discovery came naturally and has never failed him. One of his most recent cures was a most hopeless case, the disease having caused the hair to fall out and the body was one mass of putrescent sores, boils, blotches and unsightly disfigurements. In ten days the entire outer skin was healed and there was noticeable improvement in all other respects. A brief continuation of the remedy brought about a complete cure.

The free trial treatment has saved a great many lives where other remedies failed to vail destruction and it was this object which induced the institute to make the offer. In all cases where the sores have become characteristic of the disease, the sufferer fully realizes the danger and urgency of his or her affliction, but a great many who have inherited this disease or who have recently contracted it should send to the Institute for their 44 page book describing fully the disease and also explaining the action of their new remedy Sifilde. Send your name and address to the State Medical Institute, 39 Bass Block, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and they will forward, prepaid, a free trial treatment that will bring to the sufferer such wonderful relief, such an ecstatic feeling of joy for the improvement shown as to fully compensate for the suffering and despair that previous failure has caused. Write today without fail.

said, and, lifting her hands to his lips, he passed from the room.

She stood motionless until she heard the closing of the front door. Then a shudder shook her from head to foot. She threw herself upon the floor, burying her face in her outstretched arms.

"Armande!" she moaned. "Armande, my love!"

About an hour later Madam Beaumont, coming in search of Helene, found her still lying face-downward upon the floor.

"Helene!" she cried, in consternation. "Helene, what does this mean?"

The girl lifted her head and slowly got upon her feet. Madam Beaumont stared at her aghast. All the color was gone from her cheeks and lips, leaving her face haggard and worn.

"Helene, I understand," cried Madam Beaumont. "You love Armande de Kercheval."

"Yes, I love him with all my soul," answered Helene.

"Then you will not ruin your own life and his," cried Madam Beaumont, eagerly. "Tell him all. He loves you so madly that he will allow nothing to separate him from you. Marry him tomorrow, Helene, and then tell him the truth."

A cold smile passed over Helene's beautiful, pale face.

"I have sent Armande de Kercheval from me forever," she said. "My father and Gaspard both are avenged."

At this the following morning Armande de Kercheval, accompanied by Albert Renaud, a fellow-officer, drove up to the house in the Champs Elysees. They were both in uniform and Armande wore a white rose in the gold braid on his breast.

The door was opened by a maid, who started, with a cry and open-mouthed, at Armande de Kercheval as he passed her, followed by Renaud, and entered the drawing room.

As he crossed the threshold Armande de Kercheval paused with an astonished look about him. There was no one present in the room, no indications such as would follow upon a wedding. The roses, which had filled the air with perfume the night previous, were fading.

The maid had followed the two young men. She paused in the doorway and said, hesitatingly:

"If you please, monsieur, madam and mademoiselle are no longer here; they have gone."

He turned swiftly upon the girl with a look which caused her to shrink back.

"Gone!" he repeated. "What do you mean, girl? Gone where?"

"I cannot tell you that, monsieur, for I do not know," replied the maid. "I only know that madam and mademoiselle left very early this morning, saying that they would not return. Mademoiselle left this letter, monsieur, which I was to deliver to you," and she drew from the pocket of her dainty apron a small, sealed envelope which she held out to Armande.

He seized it and, with trembling fingers, broke the seal.

The note contained but a few lines, and Armande de Kercheval's brain seemed reeling as he read them.

"When you read this I shall have gone out of your life forever. I never intended to marry you; you amused me for a time, that is all. I am sure you will make no effort to find me when I tell you that I never wish to look upon your face again.

"HELENE BEAUMONT."

"My God! Armande! what is it?" cried Renaud, frightened at the awful pallor which settled over de Kercheval's face, his fiery lips turning livid.

Armande handed the letter to Renaud.

"I do not understand," he murmured, in a dull, expressionless voice. "What does it mean, Renaud?"

Renaud read the few lines, while a dark red flush of anger and indignation crossed his brow. Then he raised his eyes and looked pityingly at Armande.

"It means, de Kercheval, that you have been the victim of a heartless, unscrupulous coquette," he replied.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Good-night, dear father."

"Good-night, my dear child," and the Count de Kercheval bent over Marguerite's head and kissed her cheek.

The girl did not appear to gain much strength and spent the greater part of the day on her couch by the open window.

The Count de Kercheval left the room and went down to the library.

"My god Armande! what is it?" cried Renaud.

It was the night of Armande de Kercheval's wedding-day.

Those past two weeks had seemed interminable to the Count de Kercheval, who was possessed by a sickening dread that something would happen to prevent Armande's marriage.

The day has come and gone—at last," he said, with a sigh of relief, as he sank down into a chair and rested his head wearily upon his hand. "Alas! I have no nerve left. I feel as though misfortune, calamity, threatened me from every side. The horror of that wrong committed years ago stalks ever at my side and the cry of vengeance is laid heavily upon me. Ever before me is the pale, sad face of Clarice, the only woman I ever loved—the woman who aroused within me the strongest passion my life has ever known. She was so beautiful, and through me she died of a broken heart. Renaud, chief of the bandits, be our God! the strangeness, the mystery of it all is terrible. I feel sadly those who seek vengeance should be satisfied. They have ruined my daughter's life, broken her heart. When a mean brigand from Italy remembered Henri de Fontenelle unjustly branded as a thief, a fugitive from justice for a crime of which he was innocent, his young wife died of a broken heart. Was the avenger satisfied? "Oh, my God! if they but spare my son, Armande—the words died on his lips. With a loud cry he sprang to his feet.

Armande de Kercheval, specter-like with his lueless face and despairing eyes, stood before the threshold.

The Count de Kercheval, his eyes fixed wildly upon his son, rose slowly to his feet, supporting his tottering limbs against the chair.

"Armande," he murmured, "Armande, what brings you here tonight? Where—where is your bride?"

Armande de Kercheval burst into a laugh—a laugh so wild and bitter, so despairing that the Count de Kercheval shuddered. He crossed the room and stood beside the tottering, shrinking figure of his father.

"Wife," he repeated, "I have no wife."

Armande de Kercheval grasped the Count de Kercheval. "Were you not married this morning to Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont?"

"Look into my face, father," said Armande de Kercheval. "Is it the face of a man who has been married but a few hours to the woman he loves? Is it the face of a man whose fondest hopes have been realized? Look into my face, father, and tell me."

"My God! no!" cried the Count de Kercheval, as his shrinking eyes lingered upon his son's face. "Armande! Armande! speak! Tell me what has happened you. Keep me not in suspense."

"Mademoiselle Helene Beaumont has jilted me," replied Armande de Kercheval. "The love she professed for me was but feigned, ah! wonderfully feigned," and his lips quivered for a moment. "It seems that she was simply amused, she never meant or had any intention of marrying me, and, possibly to avoid being annoyed by my reproaches, my despair, she left Paris early this morning. I went to the house, expecting to find a bride, I found only a cruel note to the above effect. All Paris is no doubt laughing at the way in which I have been fooled and deluded, but that matters little. In the face of my despair I am incapable of feeling such a paltry emotion as humiliation. If my heart hate and despise her—but I cannot. I shall love her so long as life flows within my veins. The memory of her tender words, her passionate caresses, false though they were, will never, for one moment, cease to haunt me."

While he was speaking the Count de Kercheval stood staring at him with wild eyes. His long, waxen fingers clutched strangely at the arms of the chair against which he leaned.

When suddenly his features became horribly distorted. He reeled and fell forward upon his face at Armande's feet. The latter uttered a cry of alarm, knelt down beside the prostrate form and lifted his father's head upon his knee. The Count de Kercheval were wide open and staring up into his face with a terrible, awful agony.

"Father!" cried Armande, "father, what is it? Speak!"

There was no answer, only the straining agony in the Count de Kercheval's eyes deepened, while his body lay a dead weight in his son's arms.

Armande laid him gently back upon the floor, rushed to the bell and rang it.

Two of the men servants carried the count to his room and laid him upon the bed, while one was dispatched for a doctor. Then Armande and old Jean kept watch beside the motionless form on the bed, while the night passed and a new day broke.

Once Armande stole out and softly entered his sister's room. Marguerite was sleeping. Her sweet face pale and wan in the dim twilight; one arm, from which her night-dress had slipped back, was thrown above her head; each curve of it as pretty and as roundness gone. So white was her face, so faint her breathing, that she looked as though death had already claimed her.

"It seems a mockery for a curse upon our house," thought Armande, as he softly left the room.

The dark, silent hours of the night passed on. The first gray glimmerings of daylight were in the sky when the physician arrived. He gave one look at the count and then, turning to Armande, motioned for him to follow and moved to some little distance from the bed.

"The count has had a stroke of paralysis," he said. "He is in no immediate danger of death, but he will in all probability never speak again. He can hear everything that is said, however, and is perfectly conscious of all that goes on around him."

CHAPTER XX.

"Helene! Helene! do not return to that awful life! I know that I have no influence over you, but, I implore you to have pity upon yourself."

They stood face to face in Madam Beaumont's little parlor. Those who had raved over the brilliant beauty of Mademoiselle Beaumont would hardly have recognized her this pale, stern, somber-eyed woman whose dark gown fell about her plain and severe as the garb of a nun. Armande de Kercheval would have found it difficult to believe that she was the same woman who, but two nights before, had maddened him with her lovelinss, her passionate tenderness.

"I must return," she replied, quietly, but with a firmness against which Madam Beaumont knew so well there was no appeal. "They accepted me as their chief unquestioningly, without protest, and now that, through the bandits of the Scarlet Masks, I have accomplished the purpose of my life, I belong to them. I shall spend the rest of my life among them and in death I shall rest beside my father and Gaspard."

Madam Beaumont shuddered.

"My wicked, darkened life shall never again cross yours to mar its serenity, its peace," continued Helene, with a faint, cold smile. "Forget me; farewell!" and drawing her thick veil over her face, she passed from the room and from the house, while Madam Beaumont sank into a chair and burst into tears.

In the tavern on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau a man, in the dress of a groom, awaited the coming of the coach from Paris. Upon its arrival a single passenger alighted, a woman thickly veiled. The groom's dark cheek flushed hotly as he went forward to meet her.

She spoke a few words to him, and he touched his hat and went about attending to a few minutes with two horses, upon one of which was a woman's saddle.

A few moments later the woman and man rode away and were quickly swallowed up in the blackness of the forest.

Deep in the hill the bandits of the Scarlet Masks were assembled. Suddenly the great door swung open and Helene stood upon the threshold. Six bandits sprang to their feet.

She moved forward until she stood in their midst.

"Comrades," she said, "my father and brother are avenged, and I, your chief, have returned."

A wild cheer, which caused the vast hall to vibrate, burst from the bandits.

At that sound Hortense started from her seat, thrust open the door of her room and passed out into the hall. Then, with a wild, hissing breath through her clenched teeth as her eyes fell upon Helene, she drew a fine and black-robed figure.

"So she has returned," muttered Hortense. "I hardly believed that she would, now that her purpose is accomplished. Why has she returned to tempt me? I destroy her!"

She moved down the hall until she stood face to face with Helene.

Ah, mademoiselle," she said, in her low, caressing voice, with a smile upon her scarlet lips, "you have returned? Well, I bid you welcome," and she leaned forward and touched Helene's cheek with her lips.

The latter, though she was far from sus-

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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A SOLDIER'S COURTSHIP.

A Tale of Love and Tragedy in the Southwest ---A White Girl's Indian Lover---How Lieutenant Duboise Won.

By WILLIAM T. WHITLOCK.

(Copyrighted 1899.)

SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Duboise has spent his life in the service, is now stationed in the southwest. Word is brought to him by a cowboy that a band of Indians led by Red Cheeks is on their way to Mr. Lofton's ranch. He knows that only Mrs. Lofton and her niece, Adair are at home. Red Cheeks has been convicted in the past and wants to carry off the latter to avenge real or imagined wrongs. Lieutenant Duboise and Red Cheeks are bitterly hostile to Adair. Red Cheeks is a strategist and takes him to the ranch. Cheeks knows that Adair is in love with Duboise. Red Cheeks attacks the ranch house at night.

CHAPTER V.

The stars were throbbing like spots of red fire in the watery vault above, as Lieutenant Duboise took his watch beneath Elinor Curtis' window. For hours away on every side of the ranch house, the level plain was stirred silent and mysterious. Not a blade of grass was a-rustle, and the great sagebrush shadows of a prairie night roaming along the horizon seemed the only things in motion. The intrepid officer drew in long breaths of the refreshing air, his nerves were a thrilling with a new sensation. A few hours before he had regarded himself as only a willing soldier, ready to sacrifice his life for his country he served and honored. His conflicts in the field of action had seemed to unbalance his nature and dulled for a time his tender passions. He had never even considered his giant strength much as a faithful body-guard to his valor, merely as will into that of its master.

But now every fiber of his being seemed alive. After years of waiting he had met the woman who moved his heart to love, who inspired him to still greater exploits of manhood, who in a few short moments had caused him to handle only of the better things of life. Only the wall of the ranch house separated them, and he was determined there, to prove his devotion by protecting her from the treacherous addresses of a man who threatened her evil. How would she prove it? With his life, if need be! Before, when danger threatened, it seemed a little thing to him. It was only since his meeting with Elinor that he realized the glorious possibilities. Yet, he would have willingly laid dead at her feet, if only to win her a moment's annoyance. Men like Duboise cannot do anything half-heartedly, much less when love is the guiding motive.

When daylight came he would bear her away to the safety of the fort, and there with a number of his gallant soldiers, he would capture Red Cheeks. He knew of a number of murderous charges that would put the Indian in a cage where he would be harmless, and then when he had rid her of the ruffian's baleful presence, he would tell Elinor Curtis of the great love that had awakened, and wait for her answer then. A man, a soldier who through love of duty, a thought of that fair woman in the arms of Red Cheeks. He pictured his hand reverently over the place where her head had rested against his shoulder, and again vowed that nothing evil, that he could prevent, should ever befall her.

Shortly after midnight the lieutenant's thoughts were rudely interrupted by a sudden flare of flames that leaped up the prairie for some distance away. As he had expected, some of Red Cheeks' followers had managed to fire one of the outbuildings. He threw himself flat upon the ground and pressed his ear to the sod. He could hear distinct above the crackling of the flames. A few moments later from the corner of the house, keeping carefully in the shadows of the wall.

"Shall we try to put out the fire, lieutenant?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Is there anything in that building?"

"No. We use it to shelter calves in the winter," said Morgan, as he crept on all fours behind the corner of the stables, so the flames from the fire of the wind doesn't blow sparks this way."

"Is Lady Elinor?"

"I don't know. He came and stood by me for awhile, and then he just vanished like a spook. I didn't know when he went."

The lieutenant chuckled. "Choota is all right," he said. "Go back to your post, Morgan, and let the fire alone. It is only a ruse to draw us away from the house. Don't let anything—not a thing—get near the dwelling if you care for my friendship. Get word to the boys that they are not to venture from their places until I give a shout, or call for help."

Morgan, crouching near the walls to prevent the light from the burning building, disappeared around a corner, and again the lieutenant was alone.

He watched the flimsy cattle shed burn down until only a few glowing coals marked its location, and then leaning his head against the wall of the building, he sat with his ears strained for any suspicious sounds.

An hour passed. DuBoise was beginning to breathe easy again, when suddenly he was startled by seeing a form rise up from the grass a few feet from him. He sprang back and flashed his revolvers from his belt, but the next instant he gave a sigh of relief. In the starlight he recognized the form as that of Choota.

The Indian came noiselessly to his side.

"Keep close watch on window, Red Cheeks try to climb up and steal white woman. He come hide in grass and hear him talk," he said.

"What have you learned?" asked Duboise.

"Red Cheeks fool. Think house full of soldiers. his people decided to let woman try to steal white man's sweetheart. Chiefs go watch at door. Strong lieutenant watch at window," and he had vanished before the officer could recall him.

The hours dragged slowly past, until the lieutenant knew by the stars that it was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning. He did not know whether to feel relieved that nothing had yet happened, or to feel disquieted that nothing had occurred, that he might have some excuse to defend the woman he loved. DuBoise was a man of action, and, like Red Cheeks, would have enjoyed an encounter with Red Cheeks, if only to prove to his own satisfaction when he thought that if any accident should happen to him, Red Cheeks might be at liberty to carry away Adair. He hoped that nothing serious would happen until he could get her safely under the guns of the fort. Duboise mowed back into the old channel and he felt that he could protect the fair, haughty loved of Elinor Curtis, and began constructing many castles after the manner of all lovers, whether they be brave or cowardly, wise or foolish.

After one of the most glowing mental pictures he turned to glance up at her window. Within the room he detected the woman lover. She was sleeping or was she awake and waiting for him? Would she respond to an impulse to spring to the ledge of the window and call aloud her name, and turned his eyes reluctantly away from the room.

But the next instant he beheld a sight that caused all dreams to vanish and his nerves to quiver. Scarcely twenty feet twenty paces away stood the Indian, Red Cheeks.

CHAPTER VI.

Lieutenant DuBoise's hands went quickly to his pistol belt, and then he crouched back in the grass. Red Cheeks was not evident that the renegade had not seen him, as he stood calmly looking up at Elinor's window, as though meditating the best course to pursue. In a minute's scrutiny of the dwelling, he advanced a few steps toward it and then halted and seemed to be considering the advisability of climbing it. Even though the night was sultry, the Indian had thrown his blanket over one shoulder, and in the summer starlight DuBoise could see his broad chest of shirt, from above the dark suit. His broad-brimmed hat was pushed back from his forehead but his hands and the remainder of his body were concealed beneath his blanket.

The lieutenant watched him scrabbling in the old reckless manner. He longed to throw away his pistol and spring at Red Cheeks empty-handed and then and there to prove who was the better man of the two. But not knowing what weapons his opponent might have concealed beneath his blanket, and realizing that in order to win her the safety of the woman he loved, he would conscientiously have to refrain, he stood motionless until the Indian had again redress later from the shadows and stood confronting the officer.

"What do you want here?" he demanded. "Why do you prowl around?" Red Cheeks gave a grunt of surprise at seeing DuBoise and involuntarily stepped back a few paces. Then he drew the blanket about him and stood defiantly eyeing the lieutenant.

"Perhaps I have come to see my lady love," he said, carelessly.

"Your lady love?" cried Lieutenant DuBoise, nettled at the other's coolness. "She is no lady love of yours."

"Quick wooing, that," said Red Cheeks, sneeringly. "When I lived among white people a man did not win a woman in a few hours."

"I suppose it depended on the woman and the man," said DuBoise, growing cool in turn, "but be that as it may, I mean to ask Elinor Curtis to be my wife as soon as I can carry her away to the fort, where she will be safe until the time can get its clutches on you and put you where you will trouble no more with your monster's unreasonableness."

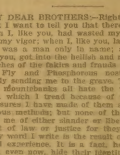
"You are generous," said Red Cheeks. "Why do you not shoot me now and be done with it?"

"Because I do not wish to have your blood on my hands, unless——"

"Unless——"

"You come another step nearer to that window."

"Red Cheeks no fool," said the other, dropping into Indian-English in his passion at being foiled. "White man got gun. But



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What in mind that I am the only physician in the world in the medicine business who will put his name and address on the bottle and SWEARS that there are no schemes or "big words" about my Wonder-Workers. I SWEARS to hold the names of those who buy my Wonder-Workers as sacred as the oath I take to the world who sells a remedy at all, and SWEARS that my Wonder-Workers will do more for you than doctors and allies that is the great, sensible truth. I DON'T CARE if every poor unfortunate who has tried every poor succession that "Wonder-Workers" are a Pure Food and Certain Cure for Nervousness, Sexual or Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Lack of Vitality, Poor Circulation or the General System (no matter what you have tried before), Lack of Nerve Force, Lack of Strength, Nerves, Courage, and the ability to enjoy life and be a man and all that you ought to be. This Wonderful Record of Accomplishment is the result of years of thinking and knowledge of what this great remedy did for myself and others. Years of study and the spending of my honest belief and declaration

white lover no carry away squaw to fort. Red Cheeks see to that!"

"Do your worst, Red Cheeks. But remember that the commander at the fort will avenge the loss of one of his officers."

"I said Red Cheeks was no fool," said the renegade, growing calm again. "But there are other ways of displacing one's rival besides killing him. And now, as you seem to be in possession here, I suppose I must refer the present at least. Good-night, Lieutenant DuBoise, or, rather, good-morning lieutenant." DuBoise could see his white teeth as he smiled and then walked rapidly across the plain.

But a few moments later he turned, and there was a flash and the report of a pistol. A bullet flattened itself against the wall behind DuBoise. Red Cheeks had treacherously tried to kill him.

"You miserable coward," shouted the young officer, springing forward and firing his revolvers in rapid succession. But the Indian broke into a run and was soon out of sight.

"What a fool I am! Why did I not kill him when he aimed before? But no. With my hands stained with even that sneaking devil's blood, I could never ask Elinor——

"Oh, what is the matter? Are they attacking us?" screamed a voice above him.

"Perhaps I have come to serenade my lady love," he said.

and, looking upward, he beheld Mrs. Lofton terrified face peering from the now opened window.

"Nothing. No, they are not attacking us," he hastened to reassure her. "Red Cheeks paid us another visit and—and—has gone away again."

"Are you injured, lieutenant?" asked a sweet voice, and Elinor Curtis' face appeared beside that of her sister.

"Not in the least," he answered, blushing up to his eyes.

"Oh, thank God! It is morning again. See, the sky is growing red in the east. The night is past and we are still alive," cried Mrs. Lofton, hysterically. "I am not afraid now. Charlie will be home today, and then everything will be all right, and we can open the house, Elinor. You must stay and thank the brave, brave lieutenant for saving us." A moment more and she had vanished from the window, leaving Elinor Curtis alone above the the young officer.

She had thrown a white shawl across her shoulders and, with her long hair falling about her, stood a fair, fair picture framed by the window casement, the faint morning light giving her a wonderful beauty. For a moment Lieutenant DuBoise stood gazing at her beauty. Then with an impulsive movement he sprang to the ledge of the window and clasped her in his arms.

"I love you, I love you!" he cried, passionately. "I did not mean to tell you until I had placed you safely beyond harm. But I cannot wait. I must know my fate now."

A pale face pressed against his breast, and once more he felt the sympathetic beating of her heart.

"Elinor, could you love, could you learn to love a rough man like me, who has given his whole heart to his whole soul? One who would lay down his whole life to save you one second sooner?"

He waited breathlessly for her answer.

"Yes," she whispered at last, "I loved you when I first saw you sitting on the veranda steps last evening."

And there, on that beautiful August morning, with the wide prairie gleaming with a thousand dewy diamonds, stretched out before them, amid the liquid carols of flocks of red-winged blackbirds, these two were betrothed. To the sun rising above the eastern horizon, it was the same old monotonous world, but to these two it was a new universe, a paradise.

How long they remained thus they never knew, but they were startled from each other's embrace at last by the sudden appearance of Charles Lofton beneath them. Before Elinor could draw away from the window, or DuBoise leap to the ground, he had caught the meaning of their attitude. His huge muscular face relaxed into a smile.

"Good!" he grunted.

Then his face again grew stolid as he approached the fort and said, in his guttural tones:

"Brave white soldier take squaw away. No safe only at fort," and he stalked on to the stables.

CHAPTER VII.

About 8 o'clock that morning a number of persons on horseback rode away from the Lofton ranch. They were Mrs. Lofton, Elinor and Captain DuBoise, accompanied by the cowboys who had helped to guard the house during the night, and the uneasy Chinese cook. Mrs. Lofton had opposed the lieutenant's plan to carry them away to Fort L——— at first, and wished to remain until her husband returned. But she suddenly remembered that Charlie Lofton

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They generally go and get a laxative (bowel-cleaner) to purify their blood.

Does their blood run through their bowels?

Science has to-day furnished proofs that all the purifying that your blood needs, in fact, all that can be done, must be done by your kidneys.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys strain or filter out the impurities in the blood—that is their work.

Purifying your blood is not a question of taking a laxative or physic.

Does your blood run through your bowels?

What the bowel-cleaner does is to throw out the poisons confined in your bowels ready for absorption into your blood, but the poisons when allowed to get in your blood, causing your present sickness. It forced there.

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In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and true aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Dr. Kilmer, the eminent physician and specialist, has attained a far-famed reputation through the discovery and marvelous success of Swamp-Root in purifying the blood, and thereby curing sick and dangerous diseases, caused by sick kidneys, of which some of the symptoms are given below.

Pain or dull ache in the back or head, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, irregular heart, sleeplessness, sallow complexion, pimples, blotches, skin trouble, dropsy, irritability, loss of ambition, obliged to pass water often during the day, and to get up many times at night, and all forms of kidney, bladder and uric acid troubles.

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An angry howl arose from the lips of the cowboys as the truth of his words flashed over them, and half a dozen pistols flashed in the sunlight. But an instant later they stood like statues watching the scene that followed. The noble stallion Tajanta, still raced before the herd, and the ferocious leaders, with glaring eyeballs, galloped savagely in pursuit. Suddenly the horse

(Continued on page fifteen.)

half unconsciously, DuBoise and she allowed their horses to lag behind, and rode along side by side in the sunlight, conversing in low tones, heedless of the distance between them and the others grew greater.

"You folks had better stay in the crowd, Red Cheeks 'll get you if you don't look out. This ain't no place for spoonin'," called back Tom Morgan facetiously. At this, Elinor and DuBoise made a feint of joining the party, but when they was ever great enough to prevent two lovers from stealing away together if they chose, and they were again out of earshot of Mrs. Lofton and her escort.

"Do you know, I have a feeling that I am doing wrong in allowing you to promise to be mine, for I am hastening toward the end affectionately.

"You speak as though I had nothing to say in the matter," she said, archly, with a look that thrilled him.

"But you know so little of the life I have led."

"I am little concerned about that, dear. I only know that I love you."

"But I am afraid that that some great calamity will befall us yet," he said, with a lover's premonition.

"What does it matter if we can share it together," she replied, fearlessly.

He reached quickly over and drew her to him in passionate embrace.

"But see how far behind the others we are," she said, as he released her reluctantly.

"We must ride forward and join them," he said, without making an effort to quicken their speed.

They rode for a time in silence.

"What is that rumbling I hear?" asked Elinor, at last.

He halted his horse to listen, but even as he did so she saw the blood forsake his face.

"Spring to the saddle, quick!"

"My God! it is the north herd! They have stampeded! Ride, Elinor, ride for your life!" he muttered, hoarsely.

He caught her horse's bridle, and struck his spurs into the noble Tajantes flanks, but even as they bounded forward they saw that all efforts were useless. They could not escape in that manner. The rushing, thundering, maddened cattle herd were bearing down upon them with irresistible force.

DuBoise leaped from his saddle and hastily lifted Elinor to the ground. "There is but one desperate chance," he said, calmly. "Tajante, you must try to save us."

He struck the noble stallion sharply with his quirt. The horse seemed to understand. For he bounded away, like a bolt from the prairie with the speed of an arrow.

The leaders of the stampeding herd, seeing the fleeing Tajante, swerved from their course to give chase, and the whole mass turned and swept down on a new course.

At this DuBoise drew a sigh of relief, but the next instant he saw that even this would not save them. The herd was too large to make a sudden turn and the outer edge of the awful circle must pass directly over the spot where they stood.

He took Elinor gently in his arms and drew her away from the trembling pony. Then then was the cause of his forebodings. He had brought his love away from the ranch only to meet this horrible death. A few more moments and the cowboys would gather up their mutilated remains, and all would be over. His only consolation was that they would die together. He thanked God that the rest of the party were safely out of danger, and then straining Elinor to his breast, he closed his eyes and waited for the terrific shock.

It seemed to the two standing there that they had remained thus for hours—it could have been but a few seconds—when they were startled by a cry that seemed scarcely human. They turned to see a form on a little mustang rushing frantically against the front of the herd. Even amid the stifling dust they recognized the form of that of Chasta. He was only following the cowboy custom of making the animals stampede run in a circle, but DuBoise knew that he was putting forth all his skill to save their lives.

And on and again did the little pony dash against the great circling edge of the herd as they rode toward the helpless forms, and each time the animals were forced a few feet to the right. They watched him with fascinated gaze, scarcely drawing breath. At last one grand charge, when the foremost steers were but a few yards away, and then with a thunder of hoofs, the terrible living avalanche swept past, a few animals swerved out to the left of DuBoise and his companion, but Elinor's pony saved them from being gored. And they were saved.

Chasta had his reeking mustang near them, and leaped to the ground.

"Good," was all he could be uttered. But Elinor, after one grateful glance in his direction, fell back fainting in DuBoise's arms.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few moments later the rest of the little party came racing toward them with cries of delight at their deliverance. Mrs. Lofton and her companions had been far enough in advance of the front flanks of the herd, but across the level prairie they had witnessed with horror the awful position of Elinor and DuBoise. Then they had seen the latter leap upon Tajante, bending over Elinor, began caressing her face and murmuring words of love, unheeded by the cowboys, who were gathered about Chasta admiringly. Then Chasta, who had not yet recovered his breath, and could not speak, began explaining how the animals were split in two by the stampede, and then with a thunder of hoofs, the terrible living avalanche swept past, a few animals swerved out to the left of DuBoise and his companion, but Elinor's pony saved them from being gored. And they were saved.

Chasta had his reeking mustang near them, and leaped to the ground.

"Good," was all he could be uttered. But Elinor, after one grateful glance in his direction, fell back fainting in DuBoise's arms.

You Can Bet on It.

If you feel that life is hardly
Worth the living of it here—
If a cloud seems lowering dreary,
From a sky that's bright and clear—
If your wife, you think, is peevish,
And all happiness has fled,
And you reach the dire conclusion
That 'twere better you were dead!
And you swear—
Tear your hair—
And each limb from your body you'd like to rip.
Never min'—
Take quinine—
For the trouble in you've gone and got the grip.

Foreclosed the Morigage.

He was laboriously working away with a pen.

"Lost your typewriter, have you?" asked the caller.

"Yes," he replied. "Somebody got a mortgage on her and foreclosed at the most inconvenient time."

"Huh!" exclaimed the caller inquiringly.

"She engaged herself to a young man and he married her," explained the man with the pen.

The Skeleton.

"Algeron, I forgive you?"

"Darling, how generous!" sobbed the contrite husband, altogether overcome.

With deft caress she strove to soothe his emotion.

"Yes, Algeron, I forgive you," she whispered, softly. "And now that there is thus no longer a skeleton in our closet, I have room to hang up two or three more dresses, Algeron, dearest!"

An Appetizer.

"And what do you hear from George, Mrs. Monroe?"

"He's in Manila, you know, and he says he's having such a good time. We used to have a lot of trouble to get George to take exercise before breakfast. Now he writes that he invariably takes his gun and goes out and kills a man or two every blessed morning before he eats. And it gives him such an appetite!"

How's This!

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Defective Judgment.

"I had to call my son off," sighed a wealthy Wholesaler, who believes that young men should strike for themselves in order to gain experience and confidence.

"Hasn't he a business head?"

"Possibly if his judgment can only be straightened out. I discovered in time that he was going to stock a cargo of horse blankets and woolen underwear to Manila."

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We will send our highest grade gents' or ladies' 1899 Acme King Bicycle to any address on easy conditions for only $1.00—the conditions include the distributing of 1,000 small circulars, which you can do in three hours. Send no money. For full particulars how to get our best bicycle for $1.00 and a few hours work cut this out and mail to us.

Sears, Roebuck & Co., Cycle Dept., Chicago, Ill.

Her Impression.

"Who is Aguinaldo?" asked Maud.

"Why, don't you know?" responded Mamie. "He's a Malay."

"O, yes! How stupid of me. One of those people who come from Malaria."

An Idea.

"I suppose you will be glad to get back home," said the young woman, "and find your constituents waiting for you with open arms."

"That's a good idea," exclaimed the congressman from Crimson Gulch. "In view of several anonymous postal cards, that open arms suggestion is great. I'll telegraph ahead that I won't get off the train if the men on the platform aren't all holding up their hands so as to show their intentions are entirely peaceable."

Ninety per cent. of the people have some kind of humor in the blood, and this can carry them on. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures these diseases by expelling the humor.

Hood's Pills are non irritating and the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

English Version.

The tall man was furious.

"You have been stealing coal from me!" he hissed.

The other man was livid with rage.

"You are no gentleman!" he shouted. "If you were you'd go coals, not coal."

This last insinuation would have crushed anybody not a comparative stranger in the Greater New York.

Beyond Compromise.

"Is there no way of compromising your differences?" asked the lawyer of his suburban client, bent on inaugurating a suit for divorce.

"None at all. Go ahead. Put it on the ground of extreme cruelty. I told her to get me the best soothing medicine she could find. She ordered a buckwax, a cord of hard wood and an ax. All hope of an amicable adjustment is past."

Horrible.

"Yes, it's a sad case," remarked the keeper in the insane asylum as he pointed out a poor devil, with staring eyes and shaking hands; "one of the saddest in the institution, and incurable. Recent, too."

"That so?" inquired the visitor. "What brought it on?"

"Reading the parodies that have been printed on 'The White Man's Burden.'"

Educational Trials.

"Never mind," said the Spanish courtier, comfortingly to the boy king. "You needn't let it happen again."

"But the indignity!"

"Don't think of that. You aren't the only one who has had to be whipped before he would learn a lesson."

Sympathy.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete after they had ridden a short distance in the patrol wagon, "we've got a lot to be thankful for."

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike; "t'ink of all de folks dat'll have to pull t'roo dis here weather widout any nice warm jails to go to."

May Be Resented.

"I am afraid," said the Berlin citizen, "that the emperor will be angry."

"What has happened?"

"One of my neighbors had the temerity to have a birthday anniversary on the same day as his."

Worth His Trying.

"Do you think there is anything in the saying that fish is a brain food?"

"I don't know. But it won't do you any harm to try the experiment."

Moving.

She has mobile features, mostly;
From what she says we gather
Her mouth is an exception.
Being automobile, rather.

IMMEDIATELY.

He—I am going to kiss you when I go.
She—Leave the house at once!

Miss Cynicus—I see Mrs. Smith got a bicycle and bloomers.
Miss Clara—What did Smith get?
Miss Cynicus—A divorce.

"But he'd or bably be the last to get his constituents their share of a river and harbor appropriation if he had to get into the present battle."

Castaway—Dis is tough. Three days widout a bite, and den dis box of cook books washes ashore!

Woman.

If fate decrees the world brought to her side
That friend for whom her soul long time had cried,
She'd ope her door a crack and say, and frown,
"Just wait, heart's dearest, till I change my gown."

Maternal Misunderstanding.

"I see," said Mr. Cormassel, "by this paper, that to-day the present fight Admiral Dewey did splendid execution on the enemy's flank."

"Well," answered his wife, "I am downright glad to hear it. That young Aguinaldo has needed spankin' this long time."

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Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

CHAPTER II.

LIEF ERICKSON'S EXPEDITION.

I don't know when the flood occurred; I don't care—you shouldn't either; for it will not affect the embalmed beef question in the least, nor will it help us determine what to do with our new island possessions. We will pass it by and tackle the next point.

I do not pretend to know how long it was after the flood that the first white people came to the shores of America. I could make a guess (like other historians) and say it was 19k years. If I made such a statement you would believe it, of course; then you might go down to the corner grocery and impart this information to some coarse, ignorant man who would inveigle you into an argument, the result of which would be that you would get your face punched.

It is better not to be too definite in regard to matters on which you are not posted. Besides, I am not a liar. I am a historian. Something like three thousand years, more or less, had slid by; may be a great deal more; may be a great deal less; as I remarked before, it doesn't matter. The time was sufficient to give the descendants of Ark Steel and Nicotine a chance to scrape the mud off the grass, stock the rivers with fish, the forests with game and themselves with three separate and distinct kinds of animal life referred to in the Bible as grasshoppers.

Up in chilly Iceland there dwelt a colony of hardy people who had emigrated from Norway and Sweden. Those nations are great on being emigrated. They commenced back in prehistoric times and they are still at it. If in a chronic state of unrest them. Statisticians figure that they have furnished the principal portion of the immigrants for the thousand years last past, and prospects are bright for a larger crop of servant girls and wood-sawyers for the next year.

Dwelling among this colony of natural blondes was a Swede who was somewhat puffed up because he was richer than the rest. The spirit of his race was strong in his breast. He yearned to emigrate, but pride kept him from going third-class as a steerage passenger. He concluded to emigrate as a rich man should, so one day he remarked to a friend:

"Ay tank Ay bettair go sout theese vintair. Ay bane had ta tam greep affery season. Theese bane gude place fer cornmeal, but no gude in fog time. Ay skal tak bully ship. Ay skal vid me take skal fleas and set bane varm."

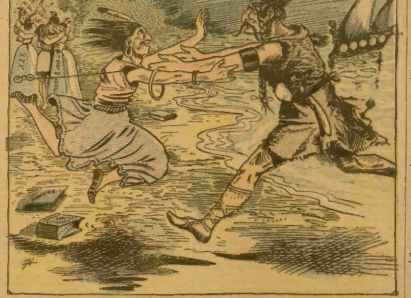
Accordingly in September Lief Erickson, accompanied by Peter Peterson, Hans Hanson, Yim Yimmerson and seventy other Swedes left Iceland for the south. Incidentally, it may be remarked, they never returned. And, perhaps, it is well they did not; for had they sailed home in a few months many serious complications would have arisen in Iceland social circles. None of their friends expected them to return, and most of them acted immediately in accordance with this belief. The women should not be blamed for pursuing the course they did, because winters in Iceland are long and severe, and tyrants there never did receive as good pay as they should.

One dark stormy night, after a long, tempestuous voyage, buffeting with the gulf stream, icebergs, codfish balls with cream sauce and other things that go to make life spicy, the crew espied through the murky thing to steer clear of, Lief's vessel was blown upon the beach at Newport, Rhode Island. Had it been daylight so they could have seen where they were going, they would have undoubtedly pumped overboard rather than land. Fortunately, however, it was late in the fall and none of the ancestral Goulds, Vanderbilts, Astors or other money magnates were at their summer homes to poke fun at the simple Swedes in their homespun clothes.

The voyagers from the north lay down upon the windswept beach and slept much the men who from dawn till dark had been pitching straw away from the other end of a large, healthy threshing machine.

The morning sun had not smiled upon their prostrate forms long ere they awoke to learn that they were captives. Each man was garlanded with grapevines until he looked like some drunken sot who had mixed up a Maypole dance.

Lief, apparently, was the first to open his eyes, and as his blue orbs blinked in the



They had their pick of the heiresses of the tribe.

glad sunshine an Indian chief (a direct descendant of Bill Steel and Nicotine), brandished his skull smasher over the prostrate Swede.

Lief was a brave man; although the weapon grazed his cheek he never moved. He couldn't; they had him tied securely.

After the preliminary ceremony of instruction of the chief sil the braves began to dance and sing and to make faces generally at the Swedes. For a full half hour they acted like a lot of Chicago aldermen over a bulletin board reading favorable election returns. When they had thoroughly entertained themselves with the sight of the band, who was a true Bostonian, adjusted his eyeglasses and approached the Swede commander, saying:

"The ostentatious and characteristic demonstration which you and your exalted companions do me the honor to display upon the occasion of my first entrance upon a distinguishing exhibition of our disapproval on beholding you occupying this territory without having complied with the formality of asking our permission so to do. Will you kindly condescend to inform me what concatenation of events has brought you hither?"

Lief had received a fair education before he started in the emigration business, and he was, therefore, able to get an idea of what was said to him, although he made no attempt to connect all the words the Bostonian hurled at his defenseless head.

"Wa bane Swade mans; we com from Aycelan; eet bane too tam cold an wa coom nout. Wa bane blown har by a vind," he answered

"You come not, then, as a conquering legion to lay our land in waste, cast our beloved Browning into gaol, burn our dictionaries, break our eyeglasses and devour our pork and beans?"

"Ay not know dam fallars an skal not vant to."

"Then we will hail you as brothers and grasp your hands with the clasp of friendship. The insidious element of distrust and hatred shall be banished from our midst. You shall dwell among us and be joined to our daughters in the bonds of holy wedlock."

Lief viewed the bunch of dusky squaws with a look of alarm. They were barefooted, and their coffee-sacks for dresses and perched upon each classic nose was a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

"Ay tank you bettair keel us Swade fallers now. We can't stand affaythering."

"Release the prisoners!" shouted the chief, ignoring the remark.

This was done. The Swedes, being foresigners, easily succeeded in marrying the daughters of the tribe. They built rude huts by the sea and started in to spend their lower wampum as only busted foreigners can.

Their hilarity might have lasted for years, as each heiress had lots of "the ready," but the fools organized a Swede comedy company the next season and started out to tour New England.

This was more than the long-suffering savages could endure. One dismal night they fired the Swede boarding house and the house they arose in righteous wrath and massacred the whole batch of red-cheeked, light-footed emigrants.

Back in Iceland there was a fellow named Bjorn Hitfastson, who was stuck on Lief's wife, and when Lief left for the south Bjorn hopped himself joy and then went out and got drunk. He thought it was a cinch, and there is where he put the wrong end of the cigar in his mouth. Lief left his wife plenty of money and she was in no hurry to hook up for more trouble; she wanted to be free a little while just to see how it felt. She only told Bjorn that she would marry him when she was sure that Lief was shoveling brimstone. He didn't have sense enough to take a little trip over to Labrador and then come back and tell her Lief was dead for sure.

So she fool fitted out an expedition and sailed direct to Newport and when the Indians saw him and his crew they feared a repetition of the visit of Columbus, so you can guess what happened.

Lief is probably be waiting yet for tidings of her husband and lover only "there

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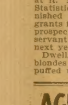

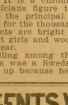

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THE TRUSTS AND THE BANKS.

The extraordinary formation of trusts threatens to disturb the entire commercial and financial system of this country. The bankers of New York and other money centers are becoming alarmed at the consequences already experienced in their business. Henry Cowa says:

"The recent immense creation of 'trust' organizations is having a contracting effect upon the demand for bank discounts. As a rule, these new organizations are being constructed upon a basis which gives them a large surplus over existing capital. They are consequently buying their raw materials for cash, with liberal discounts, and are little or no bank accommodation. The consequence is that potentially many millions of power, formerly made by the original separate companies and firms, is now beginning to disappear from the market. Even so far it now condition of affairs may prove permanent remains to be seen, for the fact is evident, the banks are finding a hiatus in their loans which they are anxiously waiting to see filled. In some cases, the bank managers are considering the expedient of investing their funds in railroad bonds and other first-class securities, and some have already taken that course.

This is but one of the phases, and perhaps the least alarming. The chief evil exerted by the trusts is their dictation to the producers of raw materials, to the consuming public, and to their employes. They intend to buy cheap, sell dear, and monopolize the markets of the land. Their avowed purpose is to crush out opposition. They demand rates from the railroads, and usually get them. And more monstrous yet, they are laying their corrupting grasp on government.

The Filipinos, armed with Mausers, and supplied with smokeless powder, have an advantage over American troops, using the Springfield rifle, and can take "potshots" with impunity. The only way to overcome that disadvantage is for the American army to force the fighting, attacking wherever there are any armed Filipinos before them. Valor and discipline are even better than improved modern firearms, but it is not a little humiliating that the slowness of this government to avail itself of improvements in everything pertaining to the art of war should put American soldiers at a disadvantage in contest with any foe, and especially with the semi-civilized Filipinos.

Sir Walter Besant says it is current gossip in London literary circles that Kipling will be elevated to the peerage Jan. 1, 1900. Should Kipling's name be included in the next New Year's list of honors, it would be a suitable amends honorable for the mistake made when Alfred the Little was chosen to succeed Alfred the Great as England's poet laureate.

A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

The Rash Resolve of a Man Who Failed---An Unexpected Tragedy---How a Fortune Came to Him.

By ALFRED H. TOZER.
(Copyright, 1898, by the Author.)

SYNOPSIS.

Eliet Marsh, in his youth a city resident, marries in the country and determines to conduct a farm, but seemingly makes a failure of life. Disheveled by his wife because his stock is his ability to make a livelihood, he finally decides to run away from it all and his children and go to the city. In pursuance of this plan he sells to Lapham Rayner, a banker's son, who is hunting for an hotel. Rayner's father holds a mortgage on Marsh's farm, and Eugene has the paper with him, and proposes calling on Marsh for settlement. After Marsh and Rayner have met and parted young Rayner is much struck by the tramp and suspects naturally falls on Marsh, who, without knowing that fact, decides to secure by passing his way toward the city, under an assumed name. The happy chance is found on the island and suggestion falls on Marsh's mind. He postpones the scheme, however, and begins to watch his opportunity. Rayner, Sr., has gone to Europe and pressed by the pressure of business affairs in New York had died leaving his affairs in confusion. The bankruptcy of Rayner, Sr., is tramping toward Boston, while officers of the law are following him and the two tramps, one of whom has shot young Rayner, stand guard over the wheels of a bathing in a creek. He stops at a farm house and asks for work. The owner of the house, a recently elected constable, has been robbed of a watch and chain and is supposed crime, and proceeds to arrest the tramp, who is Marsh. He is taken before a justice administering the estate of Marsh's wife, who is dead, and is committed to jail. Marsh is rescued by a party from the county in which Marsh lives and is met by Rayner, who is in pursuit of fugitive and encounters Smedley & Co.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEWS OF THE RUNAWAY.

At last, sitting there with his face buried in his manacled hands, Eliet Marsh understood what this arrest meant; understood the peril of the charge, the shame and the threatening weapon lying within easy reach of the officer's hands.

He was to be dragged back to his old home and placed on trial for his life. And, if it was all as the constable said, he would not stand much show there. Without money, with the best counsel in the land, what could he hope to defend himself? Presently he lifted his eyes to the stern, triumphant one of the officer.

"If constable, there's a reward out for my capture?" he said.

The constable nodded.

"Yes, I guess so."

"You—God or other."

"What for, Marsh, desperately, "I perfer to go back dead, if it's all the same to you. Let me have a chance, and I'll use that weapon and lock me in a room alone, and I'll save you all further trouble."

"Don't you listen to him a minute, Joseph Renfro," cried Mrs. Marsh. "I don't want any murders committed in my house. Besides, you'll be responsible, if things were using him just horrid, anyway," she added, beginning to cry. "Oh, Eliet, Eliet," to her face, "taking him back to his wife and children in such a shameful way. Suppose some one should bring a warrant for me in that plight? I know I should just die!"

"Never you mind me," was the stern reply. "I'm a sheriff, and I'll take care of me to do, and I ain't to blame if he went and put on the handcuffs. He's got to go back with me."

"You're a brute," sobbed the woman, "and I won't stay here and see him taken away. I just know he never killed anyone."

With this comforting assurance the kind-hearted woman took up the newspaper her husband had thrown down at the outset and left the room.

"Now," said the constable, "we're only a mile from the station, ar-l it's one o'clock. The first train south leaves the station at half-past, and between the two we've got a long time to wait. If you want a pipe or a book to amuse yourself with, why, I'll accommodate you, but I don't want any talking or fooling around with you."

"I won't make you any trouble," said Marsh, gazing hopelessly out at the sunshine bathed fields and trees. "I'll be thinking what across the way, this own wheat would soon be ready to cut, and the hay ordered what would become of it.

After a time the two men heard a summer dressed scream in the kitchen, and Renfro sprang up and opened the door, crying down:

"Come here, Joseph," cried Mrs. Renfro. "It's the strangest thing I ever heard or just read that."

"That" was the concluding portion of the article descriptive of the running away of Eliet Marsh. The constable did not read the whole article when Marsh appeared in his doorway, and since that time he had been too busy and too excited to have took the paper in his hand and glanced through the paragraph, which referred to the very large fortune that had fallen to the man believed to be the guilty party. "But," added the writer, "while all this money lies in the big safe at Smedley & Co.'s office on Broadway, the owner is a fugitive from justice."

"Just think of that poor man in there being worth half a million of dollars," said the woman, "and he sitting there in that disgraceful suit, without a white shirt or a collar!"

Renfro seized the paper and hurried into the sitting room.

"If you can now remember that your name's Marsh," he said, "here's some news for you."

"Yes," said Eliet, hopelessly, "my name is Marsh."

Renfro handed him the paper, taking off the handcuffs in order that he might handle it better. But then some of the half million matters—

Anyhow, he took off the handcuffs.

Eliet read the article from beginning to end, and a flush of hope came upon his pallid face as he reached the last paragraph, which told that Smedley & Co. placed Renfro "and do you know the lawyers mentioned this crime and ran away. Poor woman!"

"Then you'd better write her and tell your side of the story, Marsh," your messages and I'll send it."

The affairs securely locked in Smedley & Co.'s safe were beginning to help the runaway husband already, though his fingers had touched never a one of them.

Marsh pondered a moment and sat down to write. At first he thought of sending the message directly to his wife, then he had an inspiration. He would not go there and tell her about it. His reading that he would send a telegram, and he directed the message to Miss Lapham, who is a small-word, anyway, and when things that he would pass a letter to help for it.

The message was not very long, but it told the story well, and when Lapham had read it he hastened over to the station to see about a train.

Of course the station agent, who was also telegraph operator, knew all about it, and, of course, they talked the matter over together.

"You can't get there until eight o'clock this evening," the agent, "but you can send him money by wire."

So Lapham went on up to the bank, and when Joseph Renfro, waiting impatiently in the telegraph office at Hadley received a telegram, received one saying that one hundred dollars would be sent to the Winslow office and that the operator at Hadley would see that the boy Marsh. Lapham would be there at eight o'clock and would have news for him. The message said.

The officer took both the telegram and the money back to his expectant prisoner, and Joseph Renfro, had been left in charge at Mrs. Renfro's request, and having already promised her husband to threaten the prisoner with a revolver if he attempted to escape.

"I couldn't do that, you know," she had explained, "but, then, a man will be a man, and I thought nothing to him won't run off if he thinks he's got to go back and have a chance on the money to defend himself with."

Renfro had fallen in with this line of reasoning readily, and had been left practically unguarded during the afternoon, for Mrs. Renfro returned her husband the paper, and, with Mrs. Renfro sitting by his side, waiting. He handed him the message and threw a roll of bank notes into his lap.

"There," he said, "Mr. Lapham sent a hundred to you, and you'll be here on the first train. I took out the expenses and the watch left. Now, you'd better go to town with me and get fixed up a bit."

"I will so, too," said the woman, "you look just awful in that rig. Here are the clothes I had the money wandering. It was a sun in his hands, and it was difficult for him to realize that it was all his own.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "I guess I'd have to get some clothes before Lapham. I'm afraid I look like a

So to the village they went, and when supper he was nearly dressed in a becoming suit. He carried the cast-off clothes in a valise.

"I am going to keep them," he explained, "just as a reminder that it is sometimes inconvenient as well as cowardly to run away."

Then he took from his pocket a handsome gold watch with a chain to match and presented them to the officer's wife.

"For your kindness," he said, "and your sympathy."

Mrs. Renfro protested, but there was the watch all bought and paid for, and there was nothing to do but to accept it. She had never owned a gold watch before. But it was a great many days before she let it get out of her sight.

"I don't know what good news Mr. Lapham can have for me," said Marsh, after a time, "unless it is that Rayner is getting better, and is now able to tell who shot him."

"That may be it," said the constable, encouragingly, "for it may be that the tramps have been captured," for, of course, Marsh had told him the whole story during the walk to the village.

While they talked Mrs. Marsh was getting ready to go to the station with Lapham to meet her husband when the train came in, and hundreds of others were doing the same thing, for a mighty excitement reigned in the town.

A man who was both a murderer and a millionaire was coming home. The tramp-away was likely to prove a lucky escape, not as a man-killer, but as a millionaire! Oh, these dollars in Smedley & Co.'s safe!

And while they talked two trams crept across the bridge and entered the village at the kitchen door of the constable's residence.

And, of course, Mrs. Renfro fed them to hold them there and hastened out to the men in front with the news.

CHAPTER IX.

A SURGEON IN DEMAND.

"What do they look like?" asked the constable, and the woman stood the door as the two tramps being at the back door.

"They look more like gentlemen than Mr. Marsh does, I'm sure," was the reply, "and I think you'd better go around there and see about it."

"If I wasn't a prisoner," said Marsh, "I'd go and help you, constable, for we might take them into custody, but three prisoners is a little too much for one man, especially in this lonely place."

"You're your right being a prisoner," replied the constable, "and the tramps may be the very ones that robbed you."

"Constable," said Mrs. Renfro, the officer's wife, "and, come to think of it, one of them looks a mighty sight like that handkerchief that is—and, as you might say, a little bloody, I'm sure, and it doesn't look dirty like the other ones I've seen."

The two men looked at each other understandingly.

"Never heard of such a coincidence," said the constable. "Now, you stay here, Mrs. Renfro, turning to his wife, "you go back into the kitchen and keep on feeding them until we decide on something."

"I don't want to be murdered, I'm sure," said Mrs. Renfro, "and you'd better come to decide on something. You go in there with them, Joseph, and I'll stay here."

"The men mustn't get away," said Marsh; "at least not while we see who they are. And if one of them is carrying my clothes, we must manage to capture them."

"Terrible," exclaimed the constable, "I'd better send Sarah down to the village for assistance."

"No," said Marsh, "there won't be time for that. Remember that the men who robbed me are the murderers of Rayner and stole his private papers. You know what that means. Come on, and if they left and which I were here. We must capture them, and I'll see that you get paid for my apprehension probably reads."

"I guess I've enjoyed his new role, for it is much better to be a hero than the

"Well," said the wary official, forced by Marsh's firmness to take immediate action, "you go in the front door, and I'll go back and we'll meet at the back of the house. When I call to them to throw up their hands, you rush in and help me secure them together, for I've got only one pair of darbies, and I'll be sworn that I'm an officer of the law, and have a right to call on you to assist me."

"For my part," said Mrs. Renfro, "I think there's been enough of this throwing up hands, and I expect those two tramps to turn out millionaires.

"I presume they look about as much like millionaires as this one did," said Renfro, nodding at Marsh, "but you'll remember, you go into the house, so as to be out of sight, and don't you dare to show your face until we can do."

"Thank you," said the woman, "but I mean to stay here, where I can run away if I want to. I'd rather meet a bullet than one of those men any day."

"I know of a tramish-looking fellow that I've seen somewhere, and I've seen him very long ago," said Renfro, with a smile at Marsh, which was intended for a joke, the observation as a joke.

"He wasn't a real tramp," replied the woman, "and I think he was treated him brutally."

"Come," said Marsh, "while we're standing here talking, the men may be getting away. Here's for them."

He started away as he spoke, and Renfro followed his example, holding his revolver in hand and he walked around the house. Just as the two men met at the back of the house, they heard a noise at the door of the sitting room the sound of a woman's voice crying for assistance.

It was followed by hoarse oaths and the

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echo of feet scuffling over a carpeted floor. Then came in Mrs. Renfro's voice, [illegible] from the interior, "you and Mr. Marsh combined. They're stealing my preserves!"

When the men reached the sitting room they found the woman with her back braced against a closet door, upon the other side of which a great deal of force and proximity were being expended by the imprisoned tramps.

Mrs. Renfro was aided in her efforts to keep the door closed and the tramps on the other side by a barrel hall which entered the casing in a slanting direction, leaving about a third of its strong length to press against the corner of the door and serve as a button. The door had a habit of swinging open, and buttons soon twisted off, so Renfro had rigged up this simple fastening. In time of peace it served the purpose well, and now, in time of war, was the strongest kind of an inducement for those on the inside of the closet to remain there.

"I don't know how many cans they've broken," said the woman, almost out of breath from her efforts to strengthen the closet door. "I caught them in the act, I came in, and locked them there with the nail. Now, one of you men had better come and stand here, for they mean to break the door down, and I'm afraid I'm going to [illegible]."

Marsh threw himself against the door which was already trembling beneath the blows of the tramps. In a moment there was a little involuntary cry of pain, and a face grew white. Then the constable, [illegible]

"[illegible]"

reply. "I think [illegible] I know a little that notice in there."

"Let us out, or we'll burn the house," cried a smothered voice from the closet.

"If you start a fire in there," [illegible] "you'll burn with the house. There's an officer here, and we're going to open the door and let you out one at a time. When you step out you'll be handcuffed, and the first one that offers resistance will be shot down. Do you understand?"

"All right," replied the voice from the closet. "We're smothering in here."

"Hurry," said Marsh, "for I don't know how long I'll last. I'll stand right here and put on the handcuffs when you [illegible] to them with the revolver. When I say so, and I'll give you the word."

"I'm all ready now," said the constable. "If you see me getting ready to shoot, second back."

Marsh drew the nail out of the hole in the casing and opened the closet door a little way. Now, the tramps did not like the idea of being handcuffed and marched to jail, so when the door swung one made a rush for freedom, overturning as he stood ready to manacle.

Renfro, however, brought one [illegible] who, his hands striking fellow in the face and beating him [illegible] Meanwhile Marsh caught the other [illegible] as he passed him, and [illegible] had been shot [illegible] for some time, the [illegible] his attention to this second [illegible] being that in a remarkably [illegible] time, counting from the [illegible] door, both men were bound hard and fast.

"There," said Renfro, "[illegible] them his face. "That's what I call a good job. In this black suit yonder," he added, pointing to [illegible] who had on the linen broadcloth suit referred to by Mrs. Renfro.

"Yes," said Marsh, "that is my suit. He has my shoes on, too. As they'd wanted down at Winslow for the Rayner affair, I presume you had better send one for assistance and take them along on the train tonight. This fellow [illegible] wounded a man, does not seem to [illegible] to walk."

"I guess you're right about that," said the constable. "Say," he added, addressing the tramps, "where did you get the [illegible] papers that were found in the coat one of you wore?"

The men swore savagely, but made no reply.

"I think," said Mrs. Renfro, "that you'd better call a surgeon, for Mr. Marsh is looking terribly, with all that blood on his clothes, and that tramp will need [illegible] He can be taken away with the [illegible] my new rag carpet."

"Well," said the constable, considerably "the worse for wear both the carpet and the preserves."

"Oh, you and your rewards!" lavished the wife. "You've got three men under arrest and delivered with one crime. If you keep Mr. Marsh, you ought to let the trampers go, and if you keep the tramps, you ought to let Mr. Marsh go."

"It is a little mixed," was the reply, "but, then, the tramps are wanted for stealing preserves and cutting Mr. Marsh, so I suppose we'll all go down to Winslow together."

"If you can pay the fare of all these folks," said the wife, "you can pay mine, too, so I'll just get my things on."

CHAPTER X.

THE FATTED CALF.

"Now," said the constable, after things had quieted down a little, "I've got two wounded men on my hands, and I'm going to [illegible] get a surgeon and a wagon. We must meet Lapham at the [illegible] train, and we must be ready for the nine-thirty passenger south, and my buggy won't begin to carry the loads. I've got [illegible] to be left here alone with those tramps," said Mrs. Renfro, "and you needn't think, Mr. Constable, that I'm going in some way and burn down the place, so you will have my gun with Mr. Marsh," said the officer, "and he can take care of them. I guess."

"But he's under arrest himself," said the woman, "besides being wounded, and think you've got things into a pretty mess.

"I've arrested about every one that's come along today," said the constable, with a grin, "but I guess it will all come out right."

He gave his revolver to Marsh and has[illegible] fended away. An hour later, escorted by a [illegible] bush of curious villagers, [illegible]

When the door swung open they made a rush for freedom.

[illegible] Marsh's clothes now."

[illegible] uttered a fierce oath. [illegible] as if he would enjoy eating [illegible] and all.

"[illegible] have you?" he [illegible] At the [illegible] petite [illegible] I suppose it's all up, but I didn't [illegible] months. This here Globe done it, an [illegible] fool at that. I'd rather cut [illegible] than do time with 'im."

[illegible] convoy of the wounded tramp [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the wound [illegible]

[illegible] now" he finally said [illegible] either with his one [illegible] that you'll betray [illegible] I [illegible] you'll get your bloomin' [illegible] that's what you'll get."

"Oh, shut up!" [illegible] quarrelling tramps. "If [illegible] no use in bothering [illegible]

[illegible] the constable's wife, [illegible] Mr. Marsh doesn't [illegible] lately. He got his hurt [illegible] and he's been helping [illegible] tramps. I think he ought [illegible]

[illegible] home a pri[illegible]

[illegible] "I shouldn't like to do that, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the time [illegible]

[illegible] Yes," was the [illegible] about it when we get out on this crowd."

"Speaking about going home a prisoner," said the sheriff, with a laugh, "I don't know but I am doing that very thing. How is it Mr. Smedley," he added, "am I still in the [illegible] of that uniformed officer in New [illegible]

Both men laughed heartily, but they did not tell the other what it was all about.

"When I gave that sort of a receipt [illegible] tion," explained [illegible] stepped aside, so as to be away from the [illegible] I expected Marsh in at any moment. I had received a telegram from his wife saying he was on his way to New York, and I didn't want the arrest made [illegible] before I got a chance to talk with him and [illegible] make his surrender [illegible] ary. Whether a man accused of crime [illegible] himself up, or [illegible] whether he is taken after [illegible] all the difference in the world when [illegible] you get to talking to a [illegible]

Then, if you hadn't [illegible] sage Marsh, you'd have [illegible] under your thumb until you got [illegible] asked the sheriff.

"I should have tried to, was the reply. "It came out all right [illegible] the sheriff, "and I don't blame you for [illegible] cting your client, but you had me [illegible] a few moments. I knew New York an influential firm can do almost anything with a stranger, though I understood, too, that my discomfort would be but temporary."

Presently the train came in, and the whole party got aboard, Marsh laughingly insisting on Renfro paying his fare, on account of his being a prisoner.

"I'd pay Henry Reed's fare," said the constable, "but not yours. That's a pretty good joke on you."

"For heaven's sake don't mention that," said Marsh. "I would never hear the last of it."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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A CONVENIENT WHALE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

One very clear and calm day, when the sun was bright and the sea as smooth as oil, the boys became tired of play, and decided to go and talk to the Old Sailor, or, rather, let him talk to them. So they walked down to the pier, and there, as usual, [illegible] out. Away out on the horizon were two three-masted schooners with every stitch of canvas spread to catch the faint upper current of air that hardly gave them steerageway. Off to the southward a little squat lead-colored fruit steamer, with a [illegible] Havana, her lumbering sway resembling for all the world the motion of a duck walking. Off in the northeast four short masts [illegible] Halfway between these and the two schooners, but much nearer to the land, was a curious old-fashioned brig, with a very high poop, a [illegible] bowsprit that st[illegible] up in front of her almost like a mast. The Old Sailor turned his head slightly when he heard the footsteps of the boys behind him.

"There she blows!" said the Old Sailor.

"Who?" asked Henry.

"You, in course," replied their friend. "That's wot we says aboard o' a whalin' wessel when we sees a whale."

"Were you ever a sailor on a whaling ship?"

[illegible] wessel [illegible]" said the Old Sailor, pointing at the old-fashioned brig, "wot'd you go fur to say?"

"A brig," exclaimed both boys.

"W'y?"

"Because she has two masts, both square-rigged."

"Werry good, too, says I. An' s'posin' I wos to ax you wot kind o' trade she were in, wot'd you say?"

"I don't know," said Henry.

"That's werry good, too. W'en you don't know nothin', say so an' stick to it. Mebbe you might learn."

Then the Old Sailor stared out at the sea and laughed a long, silent laugh. "Now I'm a-goin' fur to tell you a secret," he continued, presently. "I don't know, neither."

He laughed again, and the boys laughed, too.

"But," said the Old Sailor, "she looks like a old whalin' brig called the Merry Grampus wot I were oncet first mate on, which the same time I went into some werry high latitudes, an' come putty near not comin' back never no more."

"Oh, tell us about that!" exclaimed both boys, knowing that their quaint friend had another yarn ready for them.

"This 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you," began the Old Sailor, [illegible] werry curious yarn, an' it all happened in the summer o' 1848. The brig Merry Grampus were commanded by Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass, a werry tall thin man wot did most o' his talkin' through his nose, though I didn't see no need o' that, 'cos his mouth were as big as a moorin' pipe, an' his ears wos too. Howsumever, that ain't got nothin' to do with the yarn wot I'm a-goin' to tell you. Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass were [illegible] so happy as when he had all his [illegible] days afore we wos at the entrance to Davis' Straits, which is the front door o' the north pole. We had been doin' putty well, an' had some considerable number o' barrels o' oil stowed away below; but now luck fell dead agin us, an' it seemed as ef every whale [illegible] spend the summer in [illegible] contrary to nature.

"To make things wuss an' wuss, it came on to blow from the north'ard an' west'ard [illegible] Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass he ups an' he says, says he, 'I'll be blowed ef I'm [illegible] like a bloomin' Flyin' Dutchman,' says he, just like that, to me, as wos first mate. 'Werry well, sir,' says I, 'ef you don't have to, you got to [illegible]' says I [illegible] Then [illegible] says he, just like that. So I got the old hooker under a close-reefed main-tops'l an' double-reefed fores'l, an' I let her go south-s'utheast. We ran that way fur about ten hours, an' then the sea begin to git too high fur us to run any more, so the Cap'n he says, says he, that we'd have to heave to, arter all, an' wuss luck to it. So we hove her to on the port tack. But, bless you! we hadn't much more'n got it done, when, bizz! the wind [illegible] the sea [illegible] a New England slapjack. Then Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass says he to me, says he, 'We've got to heave her to this new wind on the starboard tack, 'cos ef we go on the port tack we'll fetch up on Cape Farewell, which the same it are a werry improper place fur to fetch up on, me knowin', 'cause I bin there.' An' says I to him, says I, 'Werry well, sir; I don't want to fetch up on Cape Farewell, nor no other caps, 'cos dry land ain't no place fur the keel o' a ship.' So we heaves her to on the starboard tack, an' there we staid fur three days an' nights. All the [illegible] makin' about seven p'ints le[illegible] the gale broke the Cap'n he figured it out that we wos not fur to the south'ard an' east'ard o' Cape Discord, which, as [illegible] werry well knows, is on the east coa[illegible]

"East coast of what?" asked Henry.

"East coast o' Greenland, o' course," answered the Old Sailor. "[illegible] that w'en we wos in Davis straits we wos off the Cape o' Good Hope, did you?"

The boys looked abashed, and the Old Sailor, after indulging in one of his silent laughs, proceeded thus:

"Waal, arter the gale ended, the lookout was stationed in the crow's nest agin, an' we hoped we might see a whale putty soon. We hadn't much faith, howsumever, 'cos we'd never done no whalin' on that side [illegible] body [illegible], so fur as I know. Howsumever, it weren't so werry long before, while we wos a-standin' to the sou'west under heavy canvas, the lookout sings out, 'There she blows, an' there she breaches!'

"'W'ere away?' says I to him, says I.

"'Two p'ints off the lee bow!' saye he to me, says he.

"Waal, Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass he comes on deck in about two jumps, an' orders me to take the second boat, an' he wos goin' to take the fust himself. We lowered away, an' wos just a-startin' from the ship's side, w'en the lookout sings out agin, an' we learned that there was another whale up an' blowin' about half a mile away from the fust. The Cap'n started with his boat arter this new one, an' I sees when we begin to bear down on him that he were a werry big an' powerful-lookin' bull whale, an' I got ready to have a lively scrimmage. I handled the harpoon myself, an' I sent it in, as I thought, putty deep. The whale up flukes an' sounds, an' the line run out o' the tub like lightnin' fur a minute or two, I tell you. He didn't go werry deep, howsumever, an' soon he came up, shootin' half his length out o' the water. Then he started off fur the north pole as hard as he could tear. Gee-whizz! The way we went through the water fur a minute or two! Then I looked down at the line, an' I wos scared to see that it were frayed, an' ready to break. I grabbed it outside the boat's gunnel. Jest then the whale gives a jump, bang went the line, an' I were overboard an' goin' through the water like an express train."

The boys almost held their breath in anxiety.

"W'en I come to the surface," continued the Old Sailor, "I were a hundred an' fifty yards from the boat, still hangin' on to the [illegible], an' bein' towed through the sea about twelve knots an hour. I were such a poor swimmer I knowed I couldn't git back to the boat, an' I knowed no boat could catch me a-goin' at that gait. I made up my mind my time had come, but I says to myself, says I, 'I won't go under till I've got to.' So I turned over on my back an' hung on. As long as the whale kept a-goin' I couldn't sink. He kept on fur I don't know how long—two or three hours—an' I were putty near dead. The brig an' boats wos out o' sight long ago. Then all on a sudden the whale he stopped an' turned back comin' right at me. Then I gave up an' let go the line. Of course I went down, an' when I came up I came up right alongside o' the whale, wot were lyin' puffickly still. 'Dead!' I thought, believin' I'd sent the harpoon in fur enough to bleed him to death. But I were sinkin' agin. I grabbed out with both hands, an' by good luck caught the harpoon line. I hauled myself up to the surface an' got my breath. 'Ef the whale's dead,' says I to myself, says I, 'he'll float.' So by means o' the line I climbs up on his back. Waal, I weren't so werry much better off than I were before, 'cos floatin' around on a dead whale in the North Atlantic ain't such sport as it might seem to them wot hasn't tried it.

"Waal, I puzzled my brains as to wot to do next. Generally speaking, I knowed the land were somewhere to the west'ard of me, an' it couldn't be so werry fur away neither, owin' to the distance the whale had towed me toward it. How were I to get there? The wind were now a fair breeze from the east'ard, an' I says to myself, says I, 'Ef I could only rig a sail on this 'ere whale, an' steer him somehow, mebbe I could sail myself ashore.' Wall, there were the harpoon an' the line—one spar an' plenty o' riggin'. But if I used the harpoon fur a mast it weren't tall enough, an' I would have no yard. So I were putty much puzzled. But byme-by I jumps up with a new idee. 'Wot's the reason I can't make a mast out o' myself?' says I to myself, says I, just like that. So I takes off my shirt, an' with my knife an' yarns from the har-

"The whale knocked me into the air."

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Made of selected solid oak or highest grade Birch Mahogany finished, each piano polished. It is 60 inches high, 40 inches wide and will hold 150 vols. The interior, back and the adjustable shelves are also highly finished, the ornaments are neatly carved, the glass in doors is 16 x 42 inches, the handles are cast brass. WORTH $13.50

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A harbinger of good fortune and a dispeller of evil made from a genuine Horse Shoe Nail, nickeled and finely finished, sent free with our new mammoth catalogue of over 8,000 Bargains for 6c. to cover postage. R. H. Ingersoll & Bro. Dept. 7, 67 Cortlandt St. N.Y.

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PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.

The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse [illegible] woods searching for the Princess. She is hidden in the [illegible]. She is larger than any of the persons in the picture [illegible] carefully and you may find her. Study the picture [illegible] turn it around slowly and you may discover her. If you [illegible] get a handsome prize for your trouble. If you find her [illegible] pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send it to us with 25c to pay for a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY and we will send you the four beautiful stick [illegible] vertisement. Following is a description of the [illegible]

PIN A is a genuine pearl [illegible] pin, set in Tiffany style. The pearl is nearly one-fourth inch in diameter. The pin is suitable for either lady's or gentleman [illegible]

PIN B [illegible]

PIN C [illegible]

PIN D is an imitation turquoise solitaire stick pin. Turquoise are some of the most fashionable stones in existence. These four pins you will certainly value at more than $1.00, but we wish to advertise BOYCE'S MONTHLY [illegible] know of no [illegible] will continue [illegible]

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Puzzle Dept., BOYCE BLDG., CHICAGO.

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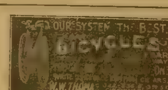
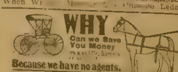


When Writing [illegible]

OPIUM HABIT AND MORPHINE [illegible] Fort Wayne, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger



WHY Can we Save You Money [illegible]

Because we have no agents.

[illegible] We give with each vehicle a 2-years iron clad guarantee protecting you against poor [illegible] Our vehicle catalogue describes the large [illegible] buggies, road wagons, phaetons, surries, spring and farm wagons, carts, harnesses and saddles [illegible] It's free. Send for it. Marvin Smith Co. 55-59 N. Jefferson St. X 37 Chicago, Ill.

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You can obtain this beautiful miniature UPHOLSTERED PARLOR SET of three pieces [illegible] They are made and upholstered in the finest manner with beautiful plush any color desired. [illegible] C. HIGGINS, Treasurer, Station E, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

poon line I soon had a worry good sail made. Then I had an awful time a-pullin' the harpoon out o' the whale. Out she came, though, an' not a speck o' blood followed, which struck me all in a heap, till I remembered that he wouldn't bleed arter he were dead. I bent my sail onto the harpoon, an' then I made a parral 'round my neck, by means o' which I slung my yard. I made the sheets fast to my feet, an' I were ready to get under way."

"But how did you steer?" said Henry.

"Why, I jest rigged lines on to his tail, an' w'en I wanted to steer, pulled his tail for a rudder.

"Wa'al, I carr'ied I were makin' about two knots an hour," continued the Old Sailor, "an' I were considerable worried about the wind holdin', or whether I'd git ashore afore I starved to death. Howsumever, to make the story short, I sailed all night, and as soon as daylight come I aces and dead ahead, about four miles away, how I wished I knowed how much water that whale drawed, so's I could tell what kind o' a harbor to make for. I looked mighty close at the land which I were approachin', but couldn't see no inlet. Jest a putty soon I did see somethin' wot pleased me a heap more, an' that were an Esquimaux a-comin' off in his dak. He'd seed me a-comin', an' he hunted for a calm wot kind o' a craft I were. He pulled up about fifty yards away, an' axed me wot I were. I told him as quick as I could, an' says to him says I, 'I would take me off.'

"'Wa'al, young gen'lem'n, before he could make a stroke, I felt a sudden earthquake under me, followed by a most a great shiver, humped his back, threw up his tukes, sent me a-flyin' into the air, an' disappeared. Luckily fur me, I'd already taken off my harpoon yard, an' were plenty putty deep, I came up again, an' the Esquimau, who had made a good guess, were right there an' grabbed me. He pulled me into his boat, where I sat pufficky dumb fur a few minutes, an' I looked up the Esquimau were a laffin' at me. 'Putty good joke, I guess,' says I, 'but I don't see it.' Why,' says he, 'you ort to be satisfied. That whale saved your life.' I says to him, says I, 'That's all werry well, but that whale were dead, an' hadn't no business a-comin' to life arter like that.'

"'Dead?' Nonsense!' says the Esquimau, a-addin' his toward land. He were a astheer."

"'Asleep?' says I; 'with a spoon in him?'

"'Yes,' says he to me, says he, laffin' still more; 'you hit him on the funny-bone with it w'en you struck him, an' jest put him to sleep arter the first shock were over. It always does. I guess you often harpoon whales on the funny-bone just fur the fun o' the thing.'

The Old Sailor looked gravely around the horizon for a moment, and then continued thus:

"I got home agin all right in the course o' time, an' I've been here; but I ain't never believed that that Esquimau told the truth."

Free Government Lands.

There are still thousands of acres of government lands in the states of Washington and Oregon, where prairie and timber lands near railroad or water communication that can be bought for $5 an acre an upwards. There are no cyclones, blizzards, long winters or real hot summers; no failure of crops. Take your choice. If you wish to raise grain principally or finest stock on earth, you can find locations in these two states where you can do it to perfection. I have no lands for sale, but it you want information where it's best to locate write me at 315 Endicott Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Yours, R. R. WERKMAN.

THE SIGN THAT DIDN'T WORK.

AND THE SIGN THAT DID WORK.

PERSONAL—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, friendship, improvement or marriage should write at once. We have a list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant acquaintances, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address, with stamp for reply. Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.

Future Possibility.

In a recent damage case the defendant, a railway corporation, asks a new trial because of air pumping flirted with the jury. If this sort of thing keeps on there will have to be twelve wind mills in the jury box.

TRY AGAIN.

Don't Let Carelessness Keep You From Comfort.

Have you ever been disappointed in the flavor of your cup of Postum Food Coffee? If so, you are the person we want to talk to. Flavor and food value cannot be extracted from a food drink of this kind if it is skipped or simmered. A delicious taste and a cup full of nourishment can be had quickly and easily if the Postum be allowed to keep in a closer contact with the boiling duites after boiling begins. Remember, to simply bring Postum to the stove fifteen minutes will not answer. Keep up the boil fifteen minutes after active boiling commences.

The rule is simple, and if your health is worth looking after at all, it is worth having your Postum made good instead of sloppy. Even when it is well boiled, you get the strength and body building elements as well as the charming flavor. Instant or having your beverage well made and that means well boiled, to be served with it. It is just as easy to have Postum well made as to have it made in a careless manner.

This talk on the preparation of Postum, is called for from the fact that we have heard lately of several people who cannot drink coffee and tried Postum, but were prevented from the fact that it was badly made. When it is served properly, it relishes and holds friends for life.

Two Bright Dogs.

A New York newspaper tells of two small black and tan dogs that are of great assistance to a restaurant-keeper who owns them. They are trained to "point" and have memories that are truly remarkable. Their master stations them in the front dining-room until a guest comes in, and if there is no room for another one of them will rank out into the kitchen or pantry, or wherever he can find unoccupied space. Then, by means of two sharp, shrill barks, give notice of the customer's arrival. The dogs are so exact customers that they leave without settling their accounts, for if the landlord's proper name is the title of a customer's departure, they make it their business to find him and inform him that he is needed at the desk.

BIG BABY CARRIAGE SALE.

If any of our readers will cut this notice out and send to Baby Carriage Co., Chicago, Ill., they will send you, free, by mail, postpaid, a handsome picture of a baby carriage, also, with lowest Chicago wholesale prices, free exclamation offer, tell you how to order etc., etc.—Editor.

Chinese Pirates.

Until a few years ago Chinese pirates were in the habit of attacking merchant sailing ships in certain parts of the China seas. They generally asked quarter, and when the unfortunate skipper who saw their junks sneaking down upon his vessel in the offing broke by aid of their huge lateen sails, or observed the pirates sweeping their long oars alongside with the influence of long oars, termed sweeps, knew that it was useless to fight for his ship, he struck arms and station his crew and encourage them to fight as long as possible. The crew well understood that if the blood-thirsty demons succeeded in taking the vessel by storm, the whole ship's company as fell into their hands alive would be slowly tortured to death.

The pirates were in the habit of using a very powerful gun when they came within throwing distance; this was a small earthen jar filled with gunpowder, round which a nasty-smelling compound called assafoetida. When one of these gun-jars was fired the vessel's deck or rigging it exploded and set on fire that which it came in contact with, while the odor of the assafoetida was so overpowering that the crew of the merchant vessel often succumbed to an intense nausea and weakness, which rendered them unable to oppose the enemy.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the U. B. A. Here is the great original and only secret society for boys under 16 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, password exchanges, etc. The membership is free, and has nothing in it to interfere in the least with your religious preferences. Thousands of boys are members. You can pick them out when you see them by the grips, signs, etc. Send your name and address and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE WIAK, 111 Harrison Street, Oak Park, Ill.

The Weight of the Spider's Web.

Here is something you never heard before, and will doubtless find hard to believe when you do hear it, although it is true. The spider's web is so light that if you were to take a pound of it and scatter it over the whole long enough to reach all the way round the world, with a sufficient quantity left to reach from New York to San Francisco.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"I'm going to buy one of these," he said to his father.

"Indeed?" his father answered. "For me?"

"No," said William; "for me. I'll let you have my silver one if you'll give me the money to buy the birch-bark one."

"Done!" said his father. "I've wished all along I owned that silver napkin-ring."

So William's father gave him twenty-five cents to buy the birch-bark ring, and William started bravely off. In a minute he was at the peddler's side.

"How much are those napkin-rings?" he asked.

"Fifteen cents for one, twenty-five for two," replied the peddler.

William looked very thoughtful. "Fifteen for this one?" he said, picking up one of the rings.

"Yes," replied the peddler.

"And if I take the other it'll only be ten cents?" asked William.

"Yes," said the peddler.

William again became thoughtful, after which he laid down the first ring he had taken in his hand, and said:

"I'll only take one ten cents. I'll take the other."

A Tale From the West.

The story of Jack and the bean-stalk, wonderful as it was, has at last been beaten for marvelousness. A bright young man on the Washington Post, who has recently returned from Iowa, states that he encountered a farmer one day standing at the foot of an enormous corn-stalk. After assaulting the tiller of the soil, the visitor asked:

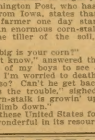
"How big is your corn?"

"I don't know," answered the farmer. "I sent one of my boys to see a little while ago, and he vorried to death about him."

"How so? Can't he get back?"

"That's the trouble," replied the farmer. "The corn-stalk is growin' up faster than he can climb."

Verily these United States form a country that is wonderful in its resources.



$4.95 buys a Man's All Wool Suit

of Rich Blue Serge, warranted Best Fast Color, Guaranteed equal in quality, style and look to others' best $8 Suits.

THE MATERIAL is Mail's Best All-wool Serge, famous everywhere for its perfect weave, soft feel and fast color. Every thread is guaranteed all wool. Every yard is guaranteed fast color. Sent free on request. Write for free sample of this serge and for our new book of fashions. Tells how to measure yourself and how to order clothes by mail. Contains 100 styles of the season. Sent free on request.

EXPERT SUIT TAILORS perfect; fits it with Reisman's celebrated fur-ther system. Every suit we make has been tried on a living model before it is finished. Every suit we make is guaranteed to fit perfectly. Every suit we make is guaranteed to please you in every way. Every suit we make is guaranteed to wear satisfactorily. Every suit we make is guaranteed to be exactly as represented. Every suit we make is guaranteed to be exactly as represented. Every suit we make is guaranteed to be exactly as represented.

SEND NO MONEY and much measure. We'll send the suit by express, subject to your examination. Examine it carefully. Try it on. Find it perfect in every way, the absolute TRUTH. If you will send $4.95 and it fits you, keep it and it will wear like iron and look like a $8 suit. If you don't find it perfect in every way, the absolute TRUTH, if you will send it back to us at our expense, we will send you back your $4.95 by return mail. Isn't that fair enough? Isn't that honest? Isn't that satisfactory? Isn't that exactly what you want? Isn't that exactly what you have been looking for? Isn't that exactly what you have been waiting for? Isn't that exactly what you have been dreaming of? Isn't that exactly what you have been praying for? Isn't that exactly what you have been hoping for? Isn't that exactly what you have been thinking of? Isn't that exactly what you have been looking for? Isn't that exactly what you have been waiting for? Isn't that exactly what you have been dreaming of? Isn't that exactly what you have been praying for? Isn't that exactly what you have been hoping for? Isn't that exactly what you have been thinking of?

WE SELL 1800 SUITS AT $4.95 per day. Why? Because we are the largest mail order clothiers in the world. Because we buy in enormous quantities. Because we sell for cash only. Because we sell direct to you. Because we have no agents. Because we have no expensive stores. Because we have no expensive salesmen. Because we have no expensive anything. Because we have no expensive anything. Because we have no expensive anything

Sold the Book.

"I called at your house today, Mr. Smith," began the book agent, "to show your wife a very interesting book which I am selling."

"You did, eh? You infernal scoundrel! Well, I suppose you fooled her into buying one, and now you expect me to pay for it, but I'm not going to do anything of the kind. It's about time this nuisance was stopped. You fellows go around and sell worthless books to the women folks who don't know any better, and then make us dig up for them. I'm tired of it. You just go back to the house and tell my wife to give you your book, and don't ever try that game on me again."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the agent, calmly. "Your wife refused to buy the book. She said it was not fit to read, and she would not have it in the house."

"She did, did she? Here, give me a copy quick! How much is it?"

To Prevent Chapped Hands.

Chapped hands are the result of carelessness, as a rule. If one, after bathing his hands, will dry them thoroughly before going out in the cold air he will never have his hands to chap. After the mischief is done, however, no preparation will prove any better in correcting the evil than cold cream, which can be bought at any drug store.

PERSONAL—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduces you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply. Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.

Dogs That Never Bark.

There are three varieties of the dog that never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion-headed" dog of Thibet.

His Doctrine.

Hoax—Say, old chap, do you believe in making your wife live within her allowance?

Joax—No, sir; not when she can manage to live without it.

COLLECTING BACK RENT.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

To Qualify for Office.

Will it be necessary to send our future commissary officers to a school of embalming?

Discovered by a Woman.
I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the ills. It never fails to cure the worst case of any kind of the diseases peculiar to women, such as obstruction, displacements, ulceration, growths, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address
Mrs. G. B. WILSON, Box 75, Kokomo, Ind.

A Fijian "Chappie."

Few Fijians have learned to speak English. A well known traveler, while on the king's Isle of Ban, happened in an emergency to want a shilling. He turned to a very superior looking Fijian, dressed, or rather undressed, like an ordinary native, and on the off-chance said in English, "Have you got a shilling about you?" With a drawl that one would expect from a Johnny in the Gaiety bar, the native replied, "Upon my soul, dash boy, I haven't got even a blooming copper!" He was the king's son, and had been sent to Sydney to be educated.

"George Washington," remarked the strictly practical personage, "was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen and all that sort of thing."

"Yes."

THE LAW AND THE LADY!

The Value of Advice Depends Upon the Qualifications of the Adviser.

THE woman who went to her grocer for legal advice, lost her case. The value of advice depends upon the qualifications of the adviser. Medical advice from one who is not a doctor is as worthless as legal advice from one who is not a lawyer—and it is far more dangerous.

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* * * * * * *

The Woman Who Was and the Woman Who Is.

Mrs. M. F. Long, of LeLoup, Franklin County, Kans., writes: "Words cannot express how grateful I am for your kind advice and good medicines. I have been in poor health more or less all my life. In the past nine years grew worse, and two years ago was so poorly could hardly drag around. I consulted a Specialist, and he said I had ulceration, and that an operation would have to be performed. At last I wrote to Dr. Pierce, asking advice. I soon got a helpful answer, advising me to try his medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and also his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I bought two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' two of the Discovery,' and two vials of the 'Pellets,' and I began taking 'Favorite Prescription' and the other medicines, as advised. When commencing I weighed 195½ pounds, and after taking one bottle of each I was like a new woman. In one month I gained eight pounds. After taking two bottles of each of the medicines named, I began to look like a woman and not like a wasted skeleton. That weary, tired feeling all left me, and it did seem as though life was worth living, and that I had been snatched from the grave, and would live to a good old age."

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Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, Tanner, W. Va."

A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

(Continued from page eleven.)

of it if the folks at home should find out that I gave that name."

And the constable promised.

Mrs. Renfro helped Marsh into a seat and sat down by his side.

"Men who go wandering about the country alone are always getting into trouble," she said, "and I think you've had your share of it. You've been arrested for murder and handcuffed, and stabbed, and bothered, and mercy only knows what else, since you started off, and now I'm going to take you home to your wife."

And Marsh remained silent, though he was doing a good deal of thinking along the line mentioned by the kind-hearted woman.

At last the train drew into the Winslow station, and there was Mrs. Marsh and the child, all dressed in their best, and all eager to get into the runaway's arms. And there was Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, and the president of the village, and the cashier of the bank, and all the men and women in the town who knowingly and eager to take the hand of the man who had been accused of murder in the morning, but who had had the good luck to come into a fortune in the afternoon.

"If I ever again get down-hearted and ready to give up," thought Marsh, as he stood, faint and weak, but very happy, shaking hands with all who came to him, "I'll just remember this day, and all the sight to warm one's heart."

It was not long before it was known that Marsh was no longer under arrest, having been cleared by the confession of the tramp, and then the boys made such a bonfire as the village had never seen before, and someone got the idea that there was a great deal of joicing, for the dollars in Smedley & Co.'s safe were pleasant things to think of.

Of course the Renfros went to the Marsh home to remain over night, and of course Mr. Smedley went with them to spend the evening and talk over the investments Marsh ought to make, and of course the Babcocks had to stop on the way home, and it was long after midnight before the windows through which Mrs. Marsh had watched so anxiously the night before grew dark.

During the evening Mrs. Babcock was thanked over and over again by Mrs. Marsh for not telling her the truth that Sunday night when she was so anxious about her husband.

"It would have been an awful thing to do so," said Mrs. Renfro. "I'm sure Mr. Marsh got home just as soon as he could, and I don't know what I should have done if he hadn't been at our house when the tramp went into my preserves."

And Marsh, lying on the lounge in the room he had used as a desert just a few hours before, heard the women laughing, and had not a word. He was thinking of the happy days to come, and of ways to get those home out of his life, by making a present of a new house to his death in the lake. And he was praying, deep down in his heart, never ever, no, never, never should never know the truth, and she never did.

Happiness is a sure cure for bodily as well as mental ills, and Elliot was not sick long, but was in court when the tramp was given long terms in the state prison. And Rayner was there, too, looking pale, but quite well again, and the tramps agreed him in good set terms for getting well as they were marched off to prison.

The Marshs acquired more land and made a splendid place of their home—the best for miles around—and Elliot bought the island in the lake and built a summer cottage on the spot where he lay that Sunday morning, and talked with Mr. Horace Rayner, and where his hat had been thrown to point the way to the lake as his last resting place.

And the Rayners visit there often, and go back to the city and report to their dear five hundred friends that there is no happier family on earth than the Marsh's, which is true.

The Renfros were remembered, and so were all who helped the wealthy man in his days of poverty and trouble.

And Mrs. Marsh, thinks to this day that Elliot wandered away that day because of the charge of burglary, and was because he had a morbid notion in his foolish head that he had outgrown his home. Which is as it should be.

(The end.)

A SOLDIER'S COURTSHIP.

(Continued from page seven.)

changed his course and ran straight toward Red Bear.

The Indian renegade stood watching this with a grim smile. He had not decided to see them standing there unharmed. He had seen the boat, and knew it appeared to be the very spot on which they stood, and yet there stood Dufloise and Elinor gazing calmly at him as though only interested in his movements. He gave a step forward, and then, with a burst of defiance, but in so doing his eyes fell on the advancing band. His heart sank, his courage paralyzed, and then turned and ran as only a man can run when death is pursuing.

On came the band, nearer and nearer drew the rushing herd to their doom.

"My God! Can nothing be done?" shouted Dufloise, turning to face the group and running with futile speed in the wake of the herd. But even as he ran he saw that the Indians caught sight of the Indian and had turned their attention from the herd, and were rushing to Talante to gallop to one side unharmed.

A moment later a deafening shriek rent the air. The form of Red Cheeks was seen to shoot upward in the midst of one of the terrified steers. It seemed to poise for an instant in the air and then fall downward to the earth, a few hoofs went pounding on its resistless flight across the plain and passed from sight.

Elinor covered her hands to her eyes and came slowly back to join the group. Mrs. Dufloise had stood with her arms folded tightly, and Elinor lay prone upon the sod, but both looked up as her name was called to shut out the horrible sight. Talante came trotting toward them and stood, white with foam, his head neck stretched forward, his intelligent eyes gleaming with excitement.

A little later the two Indians of Red Cheeks' band came slowly over the knoll. They gathered about the corpse of their leader and then were seen to scoop a shallow grave in the earth. Then, riding over home across the plains to the watchers, but they came not unarmed, for the bows of the officer and his companions.

At last they rode away toward the reservation.

The sun had neared the zenith when the party from the Loften ranch came within sight of Fort L——. As the long low buildings of the barracks came above the horizon the officer and Elinor again fell behind the rest. He looked toward her tenderly for a moment and then, reaching over, he drew her to his breast. She leaned her head upon his shoulder like a tired child. They rode on in silence. Talante and Elinor's pony put their noses together for an instant, and then catching step, they moved along as though they were lost in dreams, as were their riders.

The end.

A MARVELIOUS WOMAN.

(Continued from page five.)

peeting what a Judas kiss it was, involuntarily drew back.

"Thank you, you are very good," she murmured, coolly, and passed on to her room.

An evil, mocking light left the lips of Hortense. Then, lifting her eyes, she saw Pedro standing a few feet from her, his eyes fixed intently, suspiciously upon her face. Her cheeks softly colored, a woman's tenderness and happiness in her eyes.

The bandits had returned to their drinking and card-playing, the two were unobserved.

"I thought that you hated Mademoiselle Hortense," said Pedro, with rough abruptness. "Why, then, do you welcome her home?"

"Is it necessary that she should know the change in my heart?" asked Angel, "and then," with well-feigned humility, "she is all powerful here, and I, who have dwelt in your midst all these years, am nothing. She has all, everything, in spring her power, and I dare not show that I hate her. Do not reproach me that I welcomed her with a kiss," and she lifted her face close to his face.

"You are right, it would be not wise for you to show that you hate her; but for more reasons than the one you have named," said Pedro, grimly. "I would crush like a worm anyone who would attempt or attempt to injure the woman I love, and his strong hands clenched while the woman shrank and cowered like a guilty thing under the dark look he bent upon her.

The next moment, however, she recovered herself and looked at him with soft, regretful eyes.

"How could I annoy or injure her?" she asked, gently. "It is impossible that he can have *any suspicion*," she was thinking, while she intently, but furtively, studied his face. "No, or my life would not be worth a moment's purchase. Woman as I am, they would read me like from book. But I must be on my guard, Pedro," she continued, moving a little nearer to him, "Pedro, forget all that I said to you some weeks ago, talked wildly, but you maddened me with your scorn. You do not care for me and I must try to tear my love for you from my heart."

The dark look left his eyes. The man, with his fierce, passionate, strong passions, was no match for the woman's subtlety.

"I am glad that you have come to your senses," he muttered, then, with a glance out even a look, he passed her and went on his way.

Hortense looked after him with half-closed lids.

"How credulous thou art, my Pedro," she murmured, mockingly. "And how little thou dost know me."

She turned and went back to her room.

There she paced up and down with the slow, lithe, but restless movements of the tigress while in her green eyes was the pale, treacherous gleam of the tigress' eyes when she creeps stealthily upon her unconscious victim.

The next morning Pedro early sought the presence of Helene.

"Andre has been here, mademoiselle," he said, "with news from the Chateau de Kerchéval. On the night of the day you left the house in the Champs Elysees, Armande de Kerchéval returned to the chateau and sought the presence of his father. As a result of the interview the Count de Kerchéval was stricken with paralysis. He lies now powerless to make the slightest movement, to speak."

Helene sat for some moments, silent and with a face pale and cold as snow.

"Andre," she murmured, at length, "my vengeance is indeed complete."

A week later.

It was night, a beautiful moonlit night. The bandits were gathered in the great hall, the fifteen or so who were left. Near and upon Pedro, who moved restlessly about the hall, steadily refusing all invitations to drink or take a hand at cards.

Helene came out of her room with a light silken wrap about her head and shoulders. She moved down the hall, opened the great doors and passed out.

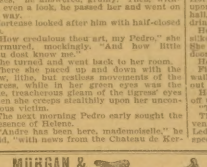
Hortense still watched Pedro.

Five, ten minutes passed, and then Pedro walked to the doors and followed Helene out into the beautiful, silvery night.

Hortense writhed her slender form from off the couch and glided across the room.

"The time has come," she murmured.

This unparalleled story of a woman's vengeance will be concluded in next week's Ledger. Our readers are referred to our special subscription offer on page thirteen.



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THE PASSING SHOW.

When You Are Buried Alive.

Count Michael Von Karnice Karnicki, the czar's chamberlain, has invented and perfected an exceedingly clever apparatus for the prevention of that bugbear of the nervous—a living burial. The apparatus was offered as a gift to the French government, which still has its acceptance under consideration.

A tube protrudes four feet to four and a half feet above the surface of the grave, and upon the top of it is fixed a small metal box with a spring lid.

To the lower end of the tube, which just enters the upper lid of the coffin, is fixed an india rubber ball, charged pretty fully with air, so that the slightest extra pressure upon it would cause a discharge of air upward through the tube, and thereby release the lid of the box, which springs open upon the slightest pressure.

The opening of the lid automatically raises a small flag, and sets an electric bell in motion, which rings immediately over the grave and in the sexton's house, where it also releases a flag which indicates the grave over which the box has opened.

As will be seen the slightest sign of breathing on the part of the buried person, or the slightest motion of the heart, will suffice to open the box and sound the alarm, and the open box, by a clever and intricate little mechanism, pumps a sufficient quantity of air down into the coffin to preserve the buried person from suffocation while assistance is arriving.

Count Karnicki, it may be added, is firmly convinced that thousands are buried alive every year in a state of lethargy.

A MEAN LOT.

"Dese undertakers are a mean lot."
"How's dat?"
"Always tryin' ter screw people down."

Business Partnership of Matrimony.

The time to begin to learn from each other is when people are first married, when life is still a playground to them, and when romantic love condones what in later years might seem nagging or carping criticism. We are all creatures of habit. If we get used to the business partnership of matrimony in our youth it becomes second nature, and not a hardship nor a disillusionment. If people would take time to understand each other, and to cultivate mutual confidence, how much easier married life would become—in fact, all life! To be sure, we only hear of the unhappy marriages, while great numbers of people are plodding on together silently and happily. But there is enough friction to warrant this kind of consideration, because even those who are to all appearances contented might make more of life if they looked upon marriage as an equal partnership.

The Election of Senators.

The revival of the movement for a change in the manner of election for United States senators comes at a time when there is no lack of object lessons showing the defects of the present method in a vivid and alarming light. It cannot be said that the movement is inspired by the unseemly spectacles presented in a number of state capitals today in various parts of the country; for the election of United States senators by popular vote has long held a place among the reforms advocated by the democracy, and in this state it has recently been proclaimed in the platform of that party. The emphasis given the demand for this reform by the exhibitions of corruption and bossism now in progress is, however, unmistakable. It is no longer necessary to defend the proposed reform, for the supporters of the present method are placed directly upon the defensive.

Good for Bald Heads.

A celebrated Chinese doctor comes forward with his discovery that the eating of rats is a sure preventative of baldheadedness. He claims that as the eating of eggs and carrots by the horse insures a glossy coat, so the munching by man of the odoriferous rat will produce a handsome head of hair. For some of us this discovery comes rather late, but it gives us a feeling of ineffable content to know our posterity need not suffer as we have.

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